

CAVALCADE

Sept. 13



Wickedest man in the world

— Page 66



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Cavalcade

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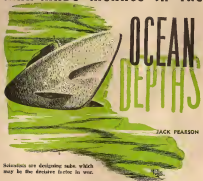
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MAN-MADE MENACE IN THE



JACK PEARSON

Submarines are deadly weapons, which may be the decisive factor in war.

WHEN—400 and odd years ago—that old Italian man-of-war-maker and master-of-the-world, Leonardo da Vinci, sat down to write in his secret Journal, he was under no delusions as to the grim potentials of submarine warfare.

"How can he (man) stay under water?" he wondered. "How but by means of a certain machine . . . That (and it is one of the most pregnant 'yet' in history) I do not publish or divulge it by reason of the evil nature of men, who would use it as a means of destruction at the bottom

of the sea, by placing a hole in the bottom (of ships) and sinking them with men in them."

The idea he permitted himself—and then only "because there is no harm in this"—was a tank that his "machine" would be filled with "a tube above water by which you can breathe."

But Master Leonardo might have saved himself his precautions. He had given posterity the idea of the periscope . . . and other land-lubbing "yet's" would not dare to follow his lead.

As long ago as 1776, an American underwater craft attacked a British man-of-war in the Delaware River. And, from that moment, the development of the submarine has gone literally from strength to strength.

World War I saw the sub travel the best glimpse of its terrible possibilities when German U-boats bottled brought Britain to the verge of starvation.

World War II, saw the terror increased in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and through the fight ended in favor of the democracies, it is a very significant fact—in the Atlantic, at all events—the periscope was, by the time of Hitler's defeat, swinging back to the side of the Nazis.

To-day, the submarine menace is more vicious than it has ever been before.

The fondest dream of every Nazi has always been the "true submarine"

... an underwater vessel which never needs to surface to recharge its batteries and has no betraying breathing apparatus. There is now every indication that—often with the aid of these very submarines who disguised the fact that Hitler never had the chance to complete—the ideal is out of the dream stage.

The name "mackerel" . . . a sub, based on plans captured from the Nazis . . . is already a common-place.

The actual "mackerel" (from which the sub takes its name) is merely a means of providing air while the vessel is cruising at periscope depth. It comprises two cylindrical tubes something like a periscope, but of much larger diameter—one for intake, the other for exhaust. At present, most "mackerels" are fitted with diesel engines. The intake provides air for these engines which in pre-mackerel days could be used only for surface cruising. The exhaust tube,

on the other hand, carries exhaust gases out of the submarine and into the sea. These tubes allow the sub to remain at a depth of 50 to 60 feet.

The "mackerel" could, therefore, no longer surface at night to recharge its batteries (the old-time subs were forced to do). At "mackerel depth," it can remain submerged more or less indefinitely. Germans have straddled between surface for 20 days, recently, a "paper-mackerel" traveled underwater from Hong Kong to Pearl Harbor . . . 3,000 miles . . . in 21 days. Then, the "mackerel" is a true "submersible ship."

It is also virtually undetectable. When cruising, only the end of the periscope and the "mackerel's" top show above water. Radar waves do not penetrate water. That means that a "mackerel"—if it showed up at all—would appear merely as almost indistinguishable dots on the radar screen.

The same applies to air observation. From a four-engine plane, the thin web of a "mackerel" would be for all practical purposes invisible.

Yet—lethal as the "mackerel" may be—it seems slow to menaces compared with improved subs, which modern scientists have in mind.

The great obstacle to the creation of a true "submersible ship" has always been the mass of machinery with which submarines have had to be equipped. That obstacle is gradually being overcome.

In America, for example, the bulky old-time diesels are being replaced after by the so-called Walter Engines or the German Kriehlowl engine.

The Walter engine is a German development which uses hydrogen peroxide as its motive power. It is said to be capable of producing emergency speeds of at least 20 knots.

The Kriehlowl engine seems even

were efficient and economical. It is a device which uses its own exhaust gases supplemented by injections of pure oxygen from oxygen tanks.

This device permits deep underwater operation far beyond the limits of the "midget" breathing device. A submarine so equipped would have the same depths as its breathing apparatus as its living place. There it could lurk in secrecy, if not comfort, for days on end.

Yet both of these rules pail before the "atom-powered" sub, which Britain and the United States are trying to develop.

The real potentialities of such craft can scarcely be calculated.

There cruising range, for example, would be almost beyond conception. They could roam the Seven Seas and perform feats that now seem impossible. Without need for the huge O₂-ton batteries present in the present, with no need for diesel engines or the oil to feed them, there is no telling what purposes these "atom-subs" might not serve.

Indeed, the trend is already clear. America—and, no doubt, all other maritime nations—may witness on plans for the navy roles which the sub of the future will fill.

At least two U.S. submarines have been converted into "underwater transports." They are claimed to be capable of carrying more than 100 troops, plus amphibious landing craft housed in a large deck tank aft.

Another U.S. sub. has been transformed into "an underwater cargo ship"; still another has become an underwater oil tanker . . . a "midget cow," as the German type was called.

Four more subs. have become (or are becoming) "packet craft." Radio submarines have been fitted on masts and decks, torpedo tubes have been removed, and the after compartment

has been redesigned as a combat intelligence center. Yet, despite their midget-like antennae, these ships can still dive for protection. They will be used to detect enemy planes or to control their own fighting aircraft.

A submarine "packed attack ship" has been constructed, able to discharge a modified German V1 flying bomb when ordered. (A guided missile recently flew over 25 U.S. warships and was apparently destroyed by two sub-attack fire.)

Moreover, the job of the future will inevitably be armed with newer and more murderous weapons . . . both offensive and defensive.

On the defensive side, higher speeds and strengthened pressure hulls are enabling submarines to drive much deeper than the customary 400 feet or so. More efficient breathing gear permits them to be at sea longer for longer and longer periods. More and more sensitive sound gear allows them to detect enemy ships at further and further distances.

On the offensive side, the submarine's striking power is daily being increased and its vulnerability decreased. Torpedoes carrying up to ten times more and more accurate. Electric "homing" torpedoes (which home on wake and "boom" automatically on the target) are being produced. With the sub., torpedoes are swiftly outmoding their range. The sub. depends now more heavily than the majority of their peers. For torpedoes are operations, "rocket launching" subs, which will combine accuracy of underwater approach, long range and heavy striking power) are specified. And the end is not yet.

But what accurate measures are available and how effective are they?

There are, of course, many methods for the spot submarine. "Sonar,"

for example, sends out high-frequency sound-waves which will bounce back at echoes from a sub. "Beam-buoy" (on the same principle) can be stretched over wide areas to warn ships and planes. But "beam" is relatively useless against a sub using torpedoes of a range greater than "beam's" range. And "beam-buoy" cannot cover the immense areas over which even a "midget" can roam.

Planes may be fitted with radar or "RAD" to recognize submarine detection, but the "midget" has already whirled down much of the plane's usefulness.

On the other hand, the U.S. Navy Ordnance Bureau has tested a new-type anti-submarine rocket that takes off from a shipboard launcher at "terrific speed" and "picks a job shattering enough to blow any sub. out of the water."

New types of large surface ships are being built, designed for the first time as anti-submarine vessels—7,000-ton "cruiser-killers" which will be equipped with all the latest devices.

And, above all, there is the "killer sub." . . . a fast underwater type known to the U.S. Navy as the "guppy midget." Streamlined and stripped of all deck guns or other handicaps to underwater travel, the "guppy midget" is designed to take up where previous undersea fleets have left off. It will seek its prey in the ocean

depths and its victims will be its sister-ships.

Whether these measures will succeed, only practice can prove; but it is worth remembering that most experts seem to agree that, at present, the submarine has a decided upper hand over all known methods to combat it.

The official journal of the American Ordnance Association has warned that the submarine has altered the whole strategy of total war. "The submarine will become the primary instrument of naval attack in wars of the future," the journal says. "It will remain after the war hot topic, the battleships, the cruisers and most other surface warships have been retired."

To which Dr. Vannevar Bush, U.S. scientific advisor in World War II, has added "If we continued war then against a technically and industrially strong nation . . . a nearly invincible submarine fleet might determine the outcome of the war is favor of the enemy." Many anti-submarine methods of the last war are now obsolete. There is no sure-all.

So the matter stands . . . and, in that regard, it might be just as well to remember that official estimates claim Russia has at least 100 submarines of the very latest type built—based on her Far-Eastern base.

Perhaps the world should have trusted Lennards.



LOVE versus the

RH factor



Medicos are battling a mysterious factor that has heightened marriage tension enough

J. R. SOLOMON

ENGAGEMENT NOTICE

C . . . M . . . The engagement is announced of June M . . . only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M . . . of Sydney, to Douglas P . . . only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C . . . of Melbourne.

+ + +

ITS an engagement notice you might see any day, anywhere, in any newspaper . . . but this announcement is different; it has a story behind it.

Doug and June both came from good families and no sickness had been noted in either of them at

birth. Doug had two sisters who, like their brother, had been quite healthy before.

Being very modern young people (and were then), Doug and June went to their doctor for a medical check before they were married. The doctor, after a thorough examination, discovered that both Doug and June were what he called RH positive. He also discovered that Doug was RH positive in a slightly different manner to June. He explained: "You have a slightly different gene formation on your chromosomes. A gene is a mysterious some-

thing which constitutes beings' various hereditary characteristics, such as brown eyes, red hair or left or right handedness. A chromosome is a microscopic body including in its make-up a number of genes. These chromosomes are handed down to a child by his parents, the mother donating one to each pair and the father the other. Whether you will be RH positive or RH negative is thus determined by the genes.

"Let's call the RH positive gene D, or more genes are always in pairs, call it DD. In the same way label the RH negative gene dd."

Since Doug and June were both RH positive, they should both be DD, the doctor added. However, Doug was slightly different to June, whereas June is DD, Doug is Dd. This meant that either Doug's mother or father was RH negative and the other RH positive.

Gene gene D is stronger than gene d when the two are combined (Dd), a baby would be RH positive and not RH negative.

Ed and Valerie, on the other hand, wanted to become engaged about a year ago.

Ed's mother, however, when she was told they wished to marry, would not consent to the engagement being announced until both had been medically examined. It was found that Valerie was RH negative (dd) and Ed RH positive (Dd). Ed's mother forbade the engagement on the grounds that these children would not be healthy and normal, as to marry on the family line.

Ed was whisked off to the other side of the world to Japan, Val.

Perhaps his mother was very wrong, but how to judge?

Another couple, Bert and Ruth, got themselves married despite the fact that he was RH positive and she RH

negative (just like Ed and Valerie). Their first child, a girl, was quite normal, but their second child, a boy, developed slight anaemia after 1 or 2 days. Still, the baby was given a transfusion of RH negative blood and, after a few days, all signs of anaemia disappeared.

The next child, a boy, was born with serious jaundice, he died about the eighth day of his life.

Ruth's doctor seriously advised her against having any more children, saying that her next pregnancy would be in vain, but her whimsy will she had yet another child. It was stillborn.

Ruth and Bert's case is one typical of those two per cent of RH positive and RH negative combinations that are affected by the RH factor.

So let us look at the case of an RH positive man (having the genes Dd) who marries an RH negative woman. In the instance where the RH factor comes into play we shall take two cases. One is typical, the other shows an outside factor which came to light and which has not yet been stated.

The first case is that of Henry and Pat. Since Henry has two different genes there can be two different combinations with Pat's genes. The baby can either be dd (RH negative), or Dd (RH positive).

The first child was a boy who was RH negative; the second an RH positive girl. The third child was again RH negative, but the fourth was RH positive and died soon after its birth.

Henry and Pat did not have more children . . . but they could have had a few more and possibly they were RH negative, the children would have been quite normal, healthy babies. However, all other RH positive children would have died.

The other case is that of Margery

LAMENT FOR THE PRESENT SICKLY STATE OF POETS

There's a certain young poet
named Whitman,
Who takes twilight walks with
the Muse!

But those symptoms of the
air

Are not what they were . .
And the practice has led to
obscure

Another stalling stream from
that immortal poet, ANON

and Max. Their first child, a boy, was stillborn. The doctor found that this was again due to the RH Factor. As in previous cases, it only occurred after one or two, perhaps even more, babies had been stillborn.

Now why was Margery's baby stillborn? Margery arrived during the early days of the war. Whilst in New Guinea the hospital in which she was treated was bombed. Margery was badly wounded in the arm, losing much blood. So many were wounded that the need for transfusions was so urgent that any blood was given to the victims, provided, of course, that it matched their blood grouping.

As a result, Margery was transfused with an amount of RH positive blood making her incapable of bearing any live RH positive children.

This would not, of course, affect any RH negative children she had, so there was a 50-50 chance of her children living.

Margery and Max were so alarmed

on learning this that they went to a lawyer and used the money because of its significance, which, they claimed, caused Margery's inability to bear live RH positive children.

Margery was her own best was no more comforted than before.

Her next child was a healthy RH negative girl, the next was an RH negative boy, but Margery and Max did not have any more children.

What is it that causes these RH positive babies to be affected at or before birth? When an RH negative woman is carrying a child who is RH positive, the mother's system builds up a number of anti-RH positive antibodies to combat the RH positive antigens of the baby.

Apparently, in order to survive, these can be compared to a very broad and general way with, say, the virus of any common ailment. They can, in the same general way, be compared with the antibodies your blood system builds up to combat the invader. The antibodies in the human blood system destroy the virus in order to heal the body; and, in the same way, the antibodies react with the antigens of the baby. When this happens, the red blood cells of the baby are broken down and the tissues (which are supplied by these blood cells) are injured.

This is why a baby may be born with jaundice as jaundice occurs when the red blood cell is broken down.

When a number of antigens have been formed, owing to a number of pregnancies, more red blood cells are broken down and the tissues are so badly destroyed that the baby is born dead.

There is, however, no ill effect upon the mother's circulation. In this way it does not matter to the

mother's circulation how many children are affected by the RH Factor.

Can anything be done to cure the effects of the RH Factor? Unfortunately, it isn't possible to prevent a child from being RH positive if the mother is RH negative, for this is determined by genes. The only thing to do is to try to help the baby's circulation on birth.

Still, we do know whether a baby, when in the foetal stage, is RH positive or RH negative? This is discovered by testing the mother's serum if the RH antibody is found to be present, an affected birth can be expected.

The doctor tests, of course, even the baby to be born 1-4 weeks prenatally in order to make the breakdown of the red blood with less. This is, however, a risk and can only be done where every facility for dealing with premature babies is present.

If a baby is only very mildly affected, the need to transfuse may not be necessary, as the baby's circulation may be strong enough to overcome this.

In a badly affected case, the need to transfuse is very urgent. In some hospitals in Sydney the complete circulation of the baby is replaced with fresh blood. Blood of the same grouping as the baby that which is RH negative is used. RH negative blood is not affected by the RH positive antigens present in the baby's blood and therefore prevents further breakdown.

Strangely enough, it has been found that to transfuse RH negative blood from a female is much more satisfactory than transfusing RH negative blood from a male. The reason for this is not, however, known.

The only way in which a healthy baby can be born when an RH posi-

tive man is married to an RH negative woman (who has previously given birth to a badly jaundiced or stillborn child) is to have a baby as a result of artificial insemination by an RH negative donor. This method, however, is still the subject of wide debate and so is not widely used. However, it has brought a great deal of happiness to some families.

So you can see how necessary it is to have good medical care during a pregnancy or to have a medical check before marriage. But do not be alarmed. Remember: from all the RH positive-RH negative marriages, only two per cent. are affected. Perhaps in the future, with the advances of modern science, even this two per cent will be eliminated. You never know! Love . . . it's surprising.



If music be the voice of love, sing on!
but remember all music isn't canned.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS

ROBIN ATHERTON

—so what!

WHY should they laugh when you sit down to play after "His King Leaves?" Music can come from an axe-blade or a steel-shower.

Each time I hear "God Save the King" my personal acquaintance-alike system brings up a picture of a fat little woman in black lace-bonnet who is cooing the flatteries from the region of her stomach.

If's rude, and damned irrelevant, for the portly one was Queen Victoria, probably more concerned than ever when an enterprising musician presented her with his pipe and tin: a music-box to be cooed on a

lady's bustle and so impressed that whenever the lady sat down (if now she were 20) it went up when and tickled out "God Save the Queen."

But Queen Victoria is not the only British queen whose name is linked with a giddy musical contraption. When Good Queen Bess wanted some particular fanny from the Sultan of Turkey in 1591, she sent him an organ that would knock the pants off any of our picture-theatre instruments.

It played four times a day without an opponent. After a clock had struck, dozens of bells pealed and several songs tickled out, two curved angels rolled their trumpets and

cooed a selected melody.

Following that, in the words of the man who was sent out with it in a special ship to meet it in Constantinople, "Then the machine went off, and played a song of five pieces broken even in the top of the organ, it being 10 bells and did stand a half hour full of blacke birds and thunders, which at the end of the machine did singe and shake there organs . . ."

The English were always partial to novel instruments. In 1610 an "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," was adapted to the current British romance, and "The salt-bass, the Jew's harp, the lute, the narrow bottom, the cleaver, and the hump-strum or hardy-purdy."

There was something red-blooded and vital about music in those days. Everyone had a hand in it.

The gang turned into the kitchen, reached the cupboard and searched, then turned their backs to the others and gave tongue to something logical, noisy, and—preferably—bawdy, while one kept time with the tea tins, another scratched on the salt-bow, while another grabbed a narrow bass and, with it, belted someone half out of the next drawer.

But we don't have to delve back into the past for unusual instruments.

I sometimes wonder where Frank Overton is these days. Last news was that he was on his way to England, following publication of one of the many songs he had written and, only too often, played at the streets as a busker.

Frank had a fiddle made from newspaper. Every inch of it—body, neck, scroll, sound gaps and tuning keys—was made from newspaper boys that had been glued and compressed into sheets; then soaked in linseed oil to make them wood-hard before

being sewn and shaped. Only the bridge supporting the strings was of wood.

You could read Berke, Deeds and Merrigan of the 1880's on the front of it, and the sporting news on the back.

It had a soft, yellow tone, and was made by Frank's father, an Estonian who came to Australia.

Another chap I came across was a New Australian who was carefully grasping a tiny violin body from a piece of pine knocked from a fruit-crate, in the wood-curing room at the Melbourne Technical College.

His tools were a handful of scraps and shavings cut down from standard-size tools so he could carry them in his coat pocket. They were about all he possessed when he escaped from Europe. He worked at the Tech at night because his landlady objected to noise in his pocket-sized room.

When the fiddle body was fitted to a mountain neck (red gum sliced from a firewood pile and polished to the color of seaweed) and the whole thing finished, varnished and strung as a mandolin, it played quite handsomely and pleasantly and fitted comfortably into the back pocket of his trousers.

That was the idea of the small size and the fiddle-shaped body—the musician liked bush-walking, and still clung to a habit of wandering that of singing to the accompaniment of mandolin or guitar while wandering along the roads.

Another hour also helps to light some of the gadgets lying up where music enters their soul.

Amphipala's Amphitear Harp had rather a raw, sour, peevish look when ingenious musicians turned up with everything from washboard rhythm to musical axes.

Ah, yes. It's everywhere! Latest gauds in Hollywood are bangles chains that just dangle with no appeal. The conventional scratching and clanking chains now in vogue will be replaced by the beautiful swarms of popular novelties, conventional to having every male from 15 to 75 reaching to the canyon Claude-Maxime inventor, Vincent de Gourni. "Thrills! With present alarm is that they scare almost everyone away from the spot marked X, no well-blooded male (no most of the female ones, for that matter) will be able to resist the appealing charms of Lorenza Beall, Dorothy Lamour or Betty Hutton. Or will they? Depends on the bangles, maybe. You never can tell for sure."

—From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine

Young Jean Gilbert, of Bonham, had already gone through the water-in-bottles and out-string-bottle phases when the Hour wanted her home town. She decided they had released this (remember when?) would make a pretty experience. After sitting through a couple of hundred to find B that were near enough to two chromatic octaves, she strung them on cord and tapped her way to the top of the voting.

One punk played tunes on an ear. The edge was so finely ground that it could create melodies by blowing across it.

A couple of youngsters got quite extraordinary effects from a guitar and a couple of desert organs. Another character made himself an electric guitar from a brass rectangle.

Corporal Randall, in RAAF blues, turned up with a mandolin that was, to all intents and purposes, quite ordinary—except that he'd made it himself from broken Tuxer Moth propeller blades.

Then there was Bert Clegg, of Dunlop, who solved the age-old problem

of how to play the bagpipes without blowing your lungs out.

Bert arrived at the studio for an Amateur Hour broadcast with his little effort on the back of a utility truck. It took four men to lug it into the studio.

One might say it was quite solidly built. Heavy lumber crossbeams supported a pair of blacksmith's bellows which connected to pedals, levers, strings and springs.

Even the branch of a sturdy tree was incorporated in that selected machine which—when in full blast—forced a steady gale of wind through a set of bagpipes, and played the kitharion as an accompaniment.

To carry on, the Paul Pope story, went so far-fetched as it would seem. Back in 1912, Edinburgh (Scotland) had a watchmaker who converted for 7M into a week with two dogs and a tin whistle.

An old-timer told me that back around the 1880's the best at Jerusalem—or was it Washington Camel House?—turned on quite a performance for visitors when he stood in

front of a small cave, attired in kilt and sporrans, and started a lament for long-dead Scots and the heroic folk of home.

His audience wrangled into rows at the mouth of the cave and disappeared again when the show was over: three heavens and two tiers (statist).

The big paper makes no the ledge higher up in the rocks also pushed off when the music stopped.

Some time ago a story went the rounds concerning a pipe major of Sydney, who went fishing with the bagpipes. He kept his finger chains in the surface with payment wads and pulled them before they could escape.

Whether they were charmed or stunned was never quite satisfactorily established.

So there you are. If you must have music, you can make it from anything from a tobacco tin to an airplane propeller, and, if you feel like

working your own melodies into the bargain, you if you can unearth an old pamphlet of Mozart's. The title page reads "How to compose as easily Gervase walked as one plays without the least knowledge of music."

If you not done by mankind, it was done by thorough slugs.

Don't let it worry you if friends don't praise your musical outpourings. It's all a matter of taste. And Mark Twain said the last word on taste when he was hooked over the rails by a musical acquaintance for daring to blather a performance of "Solene."

"What makes you think you can compose, Clements?" Can you play the piano? Have you ever written a song?" asked the friend.

"No I can't and I haven't," said the writer doggedly. "And I can't lay an egg either. But I know damn well when I get one that's rotten."



STYLISTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

The Man from Tammany Hall was tough, but the Cockney proved the Cold Red beat him

FRANK BROWNE



"BOSS" CROKER meets the Britons

ONE day in the late nineties, a Croonian dispatched an American gentleman who intended settling in England. He might have crossed the Atlantic for a number of reasons. The desire to dwell amid hedged lanes and green fields, a year to hear the nightingale at eve, a yearning to drink himself in the history of the tiger little life.

In actual fact, his migration had a much more urgent impetus. Had he not migrated, he would undoubtedly — as several of his associates did — have made a short trip up the Hudson River to a place geographically known as Cowing (and more collo-

quially and vividly named King Reigh. The man, whose name was Croker, was a developing New York politician. As Boss of Tammany Hall his reputation which had been boosting that City's administration for some years, Mr. Croker had been responsible for some trifling errors of judgment that had cost the City some money.

For instance, he had entered into a contract for paving stones which involved some millions of dollars, and the contractor had forgotten to deliver the stones.

A Grand Jury investigated the City Administration and decided that the

only could the City do without the Tammany Boys, but that certain of them should be provided with free board and lodging at the State's expense.

"Boss" Croker, with fine foresight, had stowed away a little pile of money of a million dollars or so in England against the evil day. He decided that the time had come to follow his money over the water.

It was obviously an occasion which called for an open mind and a stout neck.

And it was in this receptive mood that "Boss" Croker landed in England.

He set himself to spy out the land . . . and its opportunities.

He went to the races a few times . . . and decided that there was a field for exploitation.

He went back to the States, asking there to send over a consignment of horses, with which he could make a name on the English turf.

His mates in America proved their versatility with the dashboards by sending him a collection of huge bunnies who had some difficulty in standing up, let alone running.

Doping was prohibited in America then, and the motion "Boss" Croker got were those shot as full of dope that nothing short of dynamite would have induced them to gallop.

"The Boss" must smothered at this demonstration of the magnitude of men, bought some English bloodstock, engaged a trainer to run with a reputation for mere guile than honesty) and bought some stakes at Newmarket.

Then he received another shock. The Jockey Club, that stud body of men, notified him that they didn't want him at Newmarket.

"They can't do that to me!" shouted the irate Boss. But they

could, and did. So he took himself off to Ireland, where he set up a stud-farm. He had one desire. That was to breed a Derby winner, to show "those stick-up socks" of the Jockey Club that "Boss" Croker was not a man to be trifled with!

He also sent to America for a good blood mare. The one and best was a mare called Rhoda B. For three years, the Croker Stud produced colts that turned into fair performers, but not cracks by any means.

Then he asked Rhoda B. with Gipsy, son of the great Ormonde.

The resultant colt was a lumpy chugger who showed little promise as a two-year-old, running twice for two thirds.

But in his three-year-old year . . . 1901 . . . he began to show signs of class.

That year was a weak Derby year, the favorite at 13 to 8 "on" being another Irish bred horse, Steve Gallan.

But Steve Gallan couldn't handle the tricky Epsom course. He reared down to Tutankhamen Corner with his head in the air, and Gipsy, right on his wheel, shot clear as they straightened up.

It was all over then, and Gipsy stride home as a easy winner, with "Boss" Croker looking towards the official stand and jerking.

He had brought off his million-dollar chance coverage on the Jockey Club.

Back to Ireland went Gipsy, and "The Boss" settled down to make a real mark in breeding. Gipsy began to get good stock.

"The Boss," whose language was nearly as colorful as his past, gradually became respectable and was admitted to the circle of fashionable breeders. Now and then, however, there would be suggestions that he

Over 14,000 stitches go into a suit. A customer of average bought made \$2,115 stitches by hand and \$1,600 by machine. Women read 7,500 hand stitches and 15,500 machine, a jacket 32,354 hand and 30,213 machine. So — is best — estimates Hungarian tailor, D. C. Baký. A U.S. tailor, one Crocker, found his suits had 57,138 hand stitches; 179 for the waistcoat, 1,952 for trousers; and 39,588 for jacket.

Sure that the methods used by Tammany in New York would be enough to win him down in the rural elections of the Old Sod, Crocker went to work.

The old Tammany man never knew what had hit him. His slate of candidates was crushingly defeated. "God knows how many times some of them voted!" said the "Boss" indignantly. "There were only three drunken voters in Ballybragan, and we counted four times that many votes!"

Evidently, elections in those days went to the strongest rather than the worthy.

Crocker came into conclusion with the rural Irish as an attempt to win the Kerry Hunt Cup. He had the horse to do it, but didn't want to leave anything to chance. The race was for amateur riders, but Crocker went to England and got a professional mountaineering leap, who rode under an assumed name.

Crocker's horse started a hot favorite, although a noticeable point about the betting was that the second horse had been very well backed by its connections to beat the favorite.

"The Boss" saw his horse was by a great nose and would smile. The scales only listed a couple of minutes. The connections of the second horse fired in a protest.

Crocker entered the Stewards' Room to find that the grounds for the protest were that his horse had been ridden by a professional. The charge could be proven without trouble and the winning jockey, hoping to get off lightly himself, broke down and admitted everything.

He lost the race and was warned off for a year.

But the thing that really hurt him was that he found out that the owner

of the second horse—a part by the name of O'Rourke—had known all the time what the "Boss" was up to. He had merely been the man, making a market for the O'Rourke entry, with no chance at all of getting the race.

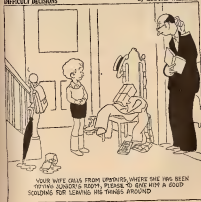
The Crocker Stud, in the years 1897-1900, made its mark on the English Turf. Besides Grand Parade, only three English, one of the best fillies English racing has seen, and Crocker narrowly missed the thrill of breeding a third English Derby winner when Orpheus was beaten a head in the Derby of 1900.

An old man, Crocker, having been assured that all had been forgotten and forgiven, made a trip back to New York in 1908. He was happy to find that Tammany was back in control of the city, but he was far less happy to find that Prohibition was in force.

There was too much. He had intended to stay in the States, but the anti-prospect drove him back to Ireland, where he died in 1922.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By CLUYAS WILLIAMS



was in with the more shareable element on the Turf . . . the boys whose horses were given the course when they were 4/1, and stabled home at 1/1 with every S.P. shop in the country loaded with bets on the winner.

Orby began to throw five questions in his early days as a sire. Sugar Palm and Gold Digger were two of the fastest horses up to a mile that England has known.

In 1817 Crocker sold Lord Glenelg an Orby colt for 40 guineas. Had the Boss realized what he was doing he would probably have dropped dead. This colt, who was by a mare with no pretensions to class at all, was named Grand Parade. Under that name, he went on to win the Derby of 1819.

"The Boss" was not a young man when he craned the Atlantic in the morning. Yet, after the war, in 1869, he interested himself in Irish politics. Not on a grand scale of course, but in local and county elections.

A rich shock was waiting for him.

PRINCE OF BLACK SILENCE



From the shackles of a manse, there came an African chief who had a gleam of reason.

By LESTER WAY

IN 1838, the Karamankas raided a Senegalese village. They were after lost-human loot, living bodies. They slaughtered those who were too old, or too young, for the slave market and carried off the suitable specimens.

Such raids were almost daily occurrences about the Senegal River in Africa, and this one would have been forgotten overnight, but for a young woman who was captured, and a boy who was not.

The captured woman was Fatigaye, wife of a caravan trader. Pierre Leli had known her, and had described

her—a slender black body; a face, then said; a well-turned mouth, and—blue eyes!

What was more important, she had a 12-year-old son named Samory. That name has passed into history. Returning to the shackles that had been his village, Samory started at once to confront the dreaded Karamanka chief, and to demand the release of his mother.

Something about the boy impressed the chief.

He didn't release his lovely new concubine, but neither did he seize

Samory to hold him as a slave. He kept the boy in his personal service, and was soon entrusting him with important affairs.

That was Samory's start in life. He had a capacity for leadership, a power of attracting men's devotion which has been compared to that of Napoleon. He welded together an African alliance and placed himself at the head of a military force before there was the Senegal region had even since the days of the Ashai conquest. He made himself king, and started on a career of conquest.

But the French were also engaged in conquering Senegal. That made things awkward; it made them particularly awkward for the French.

Because, by 1838, Samory commanded a force of over 50,000 men. According to a Colonel Froy, 500 of these were mounted, and it was a formidable army. The French were hopelessly outnumbered; they withdrew defeat after defeat.

To be sure, the French were using native troops. They depended on the Senegalese sharpshooters whom they called "volontaires," though actually, with few exceptions, they were slaves whom the French had bought at the enormous price of \$100 a head.

As it was, the war dragged on. Samory won major engagements, but could gain no decisive victory; his kingdom was never secure.

In 1853, the French offered an armed truce, and a treaty was signed. It recognized Samory's sovereignty, and provided for trade and travel between his kingdom and the French-controlled areas. In addition, the French undertook to support Samory's son, Karamanka, in Fann, showing him the full glories of civilization, and letting him sample the delights.

It was on Karamanka that the French

placed their hopes. On this young savage, straight from the depths of Africa, France concentrated all its ideas.

But for debauchery, Fann offered infinite facilities. Karamanka drank the sparkling wine. He accepted the numerous European consorts who offered themselves. He viewed the French army at drill, he witnessed mock military bandstandings. And he kept a solemn face, saying nothing.

He listened intently to the French diplomats, the "experts on Africa." They could always get his ear, they could count on a flattering attentiveness from him.

But they couldn't get any answer. During the entire visit, he spoke so rarely that Fannese was nicknamed him "The Prince of Black Silence." They even treated an expensive courtesan to dinner. Karamanka by her side, and he had not what he thought of all he had seen and heard.

In the end, the experts themselves had to say his lips were shut. They started with a direct question about Demba, chief of the Bushkens.

"Was Demba a follower of Samory?" Karamanka said, "Yes, Demba serves Samory very well."

"Did Samory trust Demba? Did he have a high opinion of him?" Karamanka smiled.

Then the diplomats explained, in language so simple that even a tongue-tied savage must comprehend, how Karamanka could continue to enjoy all the favors of France. They knew Demba. Demba was a man of great wisdom. Karamanka's future would be free from care, it would be full of pleasure, if he would allow Demba to guide him in all things.

Karamanka should urge his father to place Demba in charge of treaty relations, and to give Demba control of the army. This would be proof of

STATE OF THE NATION (III)

Cry havoc! Cry havoc! Cry havoc! Hooray!
 Break-breakers, break! Get into the show
 We're saved! We're bankrupt! (Well, we're that good,
 I've always suspected we would if we could)
 The A-Bomb, the H-Bomb and jubilation games
 Will soon have us screwing up made for the normal
 Chain reaction'll light us, so ——— atomic, at last ———
 We'll all be open what we were in the past!
 It's doom! It's destruction! Why things are so bad,
 It's a positive pleasure to feel things are so bad,
 Yet, break-breakers, permit me, before I'm breakt,
 To enjoy just a little the life I've got left

JAY-PAY

good faith, and France would reward Karamoko. Did the Prince understand?

Gravely, the blackman nodded. "I understand," he said. "I have seen much, and I understand."

As a parting gesture, they loaded Karamoko with expensive gifts. In particular, they gave him the very latest thing in repeating rifles, carefully demonstrated and explained.

He fondled it lovingly, and his usually solemn face broke into a wide, gleaming smile.

Back in Senegal, Karamoko was escorted to the frontier of Senegalese kingdom with fitting pomp. He carried his precious repeating rifle over his arm while he watched the approach of the escort sent by his father. It halted 50 yards from him. It was commanded by Demba.

Demba advanced alone. He came forward to greet Karamoko with the

usual ceremonial speech of welcome, but the young prince silenced him abruptly. He ordered Demba to stand beside the French officer, and to remain there, not moving.

Karamoko moved over and greeted his father's warriors warmly. He turned and faced the French detachment, he faced the high-ranking French officer and the shawtlan called Demba. And there, standing on the gun mat, he saw the answer which the French had failed to get from him at Fatick.

"Demba serves the Touba!" he cried. "He is a traitor!"

He raised his repeating rifle and pumped three bullets into Demba's breast.

"Death to the treacherous Touba!" he shouted, and his next bullet pecked off the French officer.

His father's warriors opened fire, and only two of the small French

men left that frontier alive. The party had ended abruptly.

In Saint Louis, the French commandant decided on a hasty attack. He could muster five thousand sharpshooters at short notice; he ordered a forced march into Senegalese kingdom. His objective was swift and total victory; it was to capture both Senegalese and Karamoko by an unexpected blow.

The attack was made through Senegalese territory. The Senegalese were the darlings of the French, the leaders of Senegal, favored in all things and cradled by French rule. An attack from that quarter would give them a severe rear, the French thought.

Did they forget that Senegalese himself was a Senegalese? Or did they think he neglected "military intelligence?"

The column moved Senegalese frontier without opposition. It marched fast, and saw no sign of the enemy for a full day. Night fell, but the column pressed on while, behind it, another column—the sharpshooters—moved with burdens on their heads—drained slowly, unable to maintain the killing pace.

They were as far behind that their arrows did not reach the army. They were armed—armed by French-armed Senegalese! They were stopped of everything, including their clothes, Senegalese women took charge of them, and the men crept on to strike at the rear of the column.

It was a black night, and the French assumed it was Senegalese behind them. They swung round to fight back off, and Karamoko made a frontal attack.

He threw the French into confusion. Next, an attack came on both flanks, it was a perfect trap, and Senegalese warriors were asleep at night—fighting.

Even so, not a sharp shooter surrendered. The battle raged till dawn, and daylight found a pitiful fragment of the attacking force still standing. Senegalese's men made about work of them.

The victim withdrew. The next rose, Mary of the wounded were still conscious when Senegalese's women began throwing their way through the carriage. Those women were armed with knives and they hurled the naked women at the sharpshooters before them.

They forced each wife to identify her husband, then forced her to witness the mutilations they had come to perform.

So Karamoko repaid the French for the strange pleasures they had brought him in Paris.



GAY DOYLE



BATTLE of the BULGE

Curves aren't only looked in admiration; feminine wrinkles, too, cause mayhem.

(BOUDOIR DIVISION)

If you'll just be patient a moment until we stop glistening, we'll like to announce that the United States of America appears to be on the verge of another Good quote as unclouded Civil War.

As a matter of fact, the opening shots seem to have been fired in what business will probably remember as Fustian's Battle of the Ridge(s).

In the corner on our right, coming

out (and in all the best places, too), is "The Original Hubble-Hubble Girl."

... Miss Evelyn ("Treasure Chest") West ... Belle of the Broadway Belt.

In the corner on our left, also coming out in much the same manner, is "Mrs. America" ... known more demurely as Mrs. Frances Lloyd ... to the platitudes of assembled citizens of the Republic.

So—before the gang goes — we'd

better put you right in the picture. (You'll find several on Pages 29 to 31.)

Believe it or not, Miss West's first job found her fully dressed. To tell the truth, she began as a "pansy-girl," dispensing shows in Piershard, Illinois ... for the meager remuneration of fifteen dollars a week.

Rightly, Miss West refused she was not cut out literally and metaphorically for such a role. She began to develop herself in all aimed at a dancing class. Before long, she had burst upon the gawping gaze of the public as "Hubble-Hubble Girl, No. 1."

And "hustle" is the word. Soon her progress through the meters read like a comedian's description of Paradise ... which was not surprising, for Miss West was billing herself as a "semi-diamond made dancer" by no means an overstatement.

Then came a night at Slagde Hooch's club in "Truce ... and Miss West put her best foot far something forward. A star role in "A Night At The Follies" followed. Miss West ... and her "Treasure-Chest" ... were going places.

She became "an exotic dancer" ... did (for short intervals) in a demure black evening gown ... and escorted by an appealing but aging dandy by the name of Edly.

Photographer's flash-balls are reported to have exploded unnumbered and the electric-mark on type-writers ran red-hot under the twinkling fingers of several ladies.

Miss West thereupon extended her nightgown bookings to include personal displays on ten theatre circuits ... on California and other points, north, south, east and West. She also managed to cut into the nightly line of her first to appear on the "New 'Glee Happy.'"

And—just to be sure that there was never a dull moment—she wound a visiting card. It read (barely but revealingly): "ACT! Very novel and unusual step ... son, comedy, drama and suspense ... Works solid or strong ... 11 minutes."

The best was definitely on. Simultaneously, however, there was reading in the same location as Miss West ... something the same sort, is fact ... Mrs. Frances Lloyd ... "Mrs. America," to you ... recently shown as the perfect specimen of All-American modernity.

"Mrs. America" must take to her breast the responsibility for the upsurge of the dainty fellows.

Remembered recollections, perhaps, when crowded at Ashbury Park (New Jersey), "Mrs. America" was unwary enough to venture the opinion that "a woman should be married before she can qualify as really matured and beautiful."

Which was evidently fighting-back of a high-order brand. Miss West (who has scored her nickname of "Treasure Chest" for two very obvious reasons) was immediately located to unknown herself ... on many occasions and with considerable abandon. She let it be known that she took an extremely poor view of "Mrs. America's" notions for popping-off such generalities.

"What's wrong with these curves of mine?" she demanded sternly of a long-eyed person of the Press. "I've never been married and I haven't had any complaints about my appendages."

Not a word was stated to deny it. Even "Mrs. America" treated her separately. But Miss West refused to be arranged.

"What has Mrs. America got that I haven't got?" she queried. "Judge for yourselves." The Press impu-

Once upon a time, it used to be said in China that pidgin English was "English used with Chinese accents." Which seems to call for the explanation "How true? How very true?" When an Oriental businessman was asked by a French commercial attaché what he thought of the state of the world, he answered "Bully bad. Can do, no can do, what fashion." Which means "Very bad. To be or not to be, that's the question." Get the point?

slowly hesitated to oblige her. They judged that Miss West had got ten feet four and three-quarter inches in height; 128 lbs in weight; 36 inches of waist; 36 inches of hips. "And what you're interested in measures 36 and a half inches," Miss West concluded emphatically.

Breathing deeply, several conspicuous statisticians tore themselves away to check up on "Mrs. America." They discovered that "Mrs. America" had won. Height, five feet six inches; weight, 128 lbs; waist, 36 inches; hips, 36 inches, and the ratio was as accurate, 36½ inches.

Whereupon Miss West's manager brightly noted a golden chance of opening a new front. "This matter has been hanging on too long," he urged Mrs. America. "I offer you a definite chance of an anatomy column. Let the public sit in judgment on the measurements of the two."

He went proceeded to pay "Mrs. America's" travelling expenses. Unfortunately, "Mrs. America" was then absorbed in the routine of getting

herself a divorce and was unable to accept.

It would be childish not to admit that Miss West has the weight of the evidence on her side.

But she is *China* the records taking no chance. Presumably working on the theory that a Treasure Chest is in danger if not covered, Miss West has gone to the precaution of insuring her superstructure with Lloyd's of London. The amount involved is quoted variously at \$3,000 dollars and \$6,000 dollars (50¢ per inch," claims United Press, the rest being "non-recoverable").

And Lloyd's should know. There was only one small hitch in Miss West's dealings with Lloyd's . . . and that was speedily overcome. It was caused by the policy's insistence that "the property to be insured must be examined and found to be in good condition." Though an ample supply of amateur observers was naturally available, these lacked the technical qualifications. An expert was needed. He was soon found in the person of Dr. Philip R. Erlenberg, Physician and Surgeon, of Hollywood. In his official statement, Dr. Erlenberg declared that Miss W. was "deserving" for the purposes of pathological research.

Both Lloyd's and Miss W. promptly signed on the dotted line.

What "Mrs. America's" reply will be remains, of course, to be seen.

Miss West—as you have been able to observe for yourselves—*is* distinctly a Woman of Paris. She is long have been informed not solely artists; she is also an inventor.

The latest product of her ingenious mind is a business with a billion eye-ead.

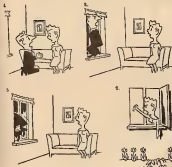
This interesting contraption has been imported by the U.S. Post, who opine that "though it may not have

the significance of the brain-children of Thomas Alva Edison and the Wright Brothers, it is currently drawing much greater attention."

Basically, the device does not differ from the ordinary outfit to female muscle . . . except for one difference. Has what a difference! Instead of having to fasten the garment (or what have you) by reaching round to some point behind your back where you can't even scratch with enjoyment, all you need to do is put a simple zipper . . . in front.

As Miss West explains: "It's the sort of thing a lady can keep her eye on."

Miss W.'s answer is a standard's paper will be marketed as "The Hullo-Hullo Bra."



Footnote: We wish to emphasize that Miss Evelyn ("Treasure Chest") West—despite a certain resemblance—makes no claim to any relationship with Miss Mae ("Come Up And See Me") West. Miss "T-C" West was born Pat McQuillen, of Columbia, Kentucky.

STOP PRESS: International repercussions are reported in the *Battle of the Bulge*. British beauty Queen, Marie Wilson, has also thrown out an open challenge. Complaining that she has so far not encountered any rival with anything to be chatty about, Miss Wilson adds pessimistically that "the only paper U.S. has a woman big enough to fit her."

THE END OF Arguments



do earthworms help the soil?

Now, thank God, remember, most people who like the soil also like earthworms but scientists for earthworms can scarcely be accounted for on scientific grounds. For plants to get the nutrients in organic matter, the matter must first be decomposed. The rate of decomposition is played by many soil organisms, of which the friendly earthworm is only one. Not all productive soils have earthworms. Even today, it's anyone's guess whether earthworms are present because soil is productive or whether soil is productive because earthworms live there. Probably, it's some of both.

How many photographs can you take a second?

Latest record has been set by a camera which operates at a speed of 15 million pictures a second. When photographed by this camera, the act of striking a match can be compared of speeds so high that nearly eleven days would be needed to show it on the screen at normal silent motion picture speed. Compared with this, the latest silent motion picture camera takes only 18 exposures a second.

What is a "Document Camera"?

Believe it or not, a "Document Camera" is the latest scientific recorder produced by the U.S. Census Bureau. The idea is that the ques-

tions are filed out by census collectors with a special metal pencil or metal ink and are then fed into a machine. By magnetic contact, electric impulses are generated; these operate a punching device. In this way cards are punched out and these go into tabulators. The machine will run hour after hour and eliminate any clerical errors.

Who's the highest-paid actor?

By all accounts, Garfield Richards. It is estimated that in his years of riding, Champion Richards won \$1,000,000 in prize money for his owners. In Britain, he takes regularly set 10 per cent of the prize money, often more; thus Richards earned \$200,000 in prize-money alone. In addition, he got at least \$10,000 a year as retainer from owners. Altogether, he earned \$400,000 in his career. Steve Donahue was reputed to have earned \$300,000.

Is it a good sign if a man gripes about his job?

Yes, definitely, declares the U.S. University of Michigan Institute of Social Reform after a four-year study. They claim that the man or woman who complains most about his job, his company and his boss, usually makes the best worker. Reason: "While this type will often spend his lunch hours denigrating his job, the driving urge to succeed will still send him spending back to his job, fired with an excess of productive energy."



Meet Miss Evelyn Wood, the Original Subto-Subto Girl popularly known for obvious reasons as "Treasure Chest" and, believe you or, that's no overstatement. There's real gold in them that shiny clasp, we know we're being catty and what we mean to say is that Miss Wood's most pronounced attributes are really worth for money. As a matter of fact, they're insured with no less than Lloyd's of London for \$4,000 dollars.

A CHESTFUL OF TREASURE





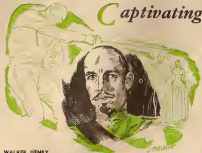
And, we must say, we agree entirely with Lloyd's on their assessment . . . Even if divided by this breeding glimpse, however, despite the provocative aspect, **Man Design** ("Treasure Chest") West shares no relationship with Miss Miss ("Come-up-crackers me") West. Design has a cousin of her own . . . an exotic dancer and super-stripper:



And these two snippets of "Treasure Chest" in action, you will agree, leave no doubt about her popular appeal. Yet Miss West is not solely an artist; she is also no mean dancer . . . already she has designed "a platform extravaganza" in imagination one that you can show off in most of the best places, in fact) and "the harem harem harem" (which, being translated, means a bronzer with a bikini zipper . . . in front). Asked to what she attributes these successes to life, Miss West replied: "Oh, I've just learned to keep ahead of the times."

the captain was too

Captivating



WALKER HENRY

The ladies found him just too, too captivating; but if they had chained him like a leopard, he would have saved himself well.

CAPTAIN Peter de la Fontaine was obviously born to demonstrate the cheating fact that no one can spike a bigger fool of himself than a man when, preferably it is to fool other people.

At first, however, the Captain showed every symptom of being one of those un-blessed characters for whom Fate's weather bureau has predicted not a single rainy day.

Which was where one, Joaquina, daughter of a margine, stopped under the score. The Captain apparently

turned quite insane. He dashed to the woman's father and demanded her to his wife. His father bowed him to the door. Crossing the threshold, the Captain passed to proclaim that he intended to have the girl "at any cost."

From the record, the cost involved was covered by the hire of a coach. The debauched maid consented to elope. Not bothering about a mere marriage ceremony, the Captain briskly whisked her off to Rome. There, the pair spent an ardent, if imprudent, honeymoon,

and, but the Captain seems to have given up. He married his charming, innocent, to Paris and successfully lost her in the streets.

When this came to her father's ears, the storm really broke. The Captain was in a coffee-house when he was arrested on a charge of "brutal abduction." He looked a good security for the Bastille ward—such being the way of all too few women—Joaquina happened to read that it was all her fault.

Reverting from seduction to daughter, the Captain rejoined the Army. He was severely in camp when an unusually fragile infantryman was attached to him . . . "as a banner." They were both being together in one tent when the banner surprisingly had a baby.

The High-Brown were hectoring their banner for a valuable penalty when Joaquina conveniently solved their problem by dying of small-pox. She left the Captain all her money. The Captain used it to tour Europe.

At last, that was the idea, but the Captain displayed his unworldliness by observing a fellow officer and upon the French ground. The Captain passed abroad ship. Stopped up by Moorish pirates, he found himself in a Constantinople dungeon.

Released, he went forward Holland with his province. In no time, he was so freely wearing a burglar's wife that he ready Amsterdam too hot to hold him. So hot, indeed, that the damnable half-bred of Caruso seemed a comparative health resort.

Here, the Captain again expended introduced to a wealthy widow, he actually wed her. This was another error. Though she protected the Captain with four children she continued to entertain a host of other suitors. The Captain cut off one woman's ear.

The widow subsided and the Cap-

tain branched out on a phlebotomy career. His negro slaves immediately attempted to poison him. The Captain survived.

The Captain sailed for England. In London, he backed a Venetian named Zennaro. Zennaro went bankrupt for £200. The Captain paid the debt and thus saved Zennaro's undying enemy.

Consequence of this, however, the Captain wed a second rich widow the still had the first. He also appeared in some spiritly gongoo-on with a shop-keeper's wife. But one of his low-lifers fell into the hands of the chamberlain's husband. When the Captain arrived at his next rendezvous, he found not only the lady waiting but her husband and her husband's brother as well . . . both threatening suitors. The wife went back to her husband. The Captain went back to his second widow.

And—unhappily—also to Zennaro. The Captain was in one more town when he was greeted by Zennaro, accompanied by a "woman in black." The Captain was too engrossed in making paces at the mysterious female to notice that a man (also in black) was grabbing something from a book.

Only later was he aware that the man was a Fleet Prison passer and what he had been reading was the Marriage Bureau. But, by then, Zennaro had had him arrested for burglary (it should have been trespass).

The Captain was jailed. Zennaro visited him in his cell. Understandably, the Captain repaid him with a broom and knocked him unconscious. That was the last straw. Zennaro swore that the Captain had forged a cheque.

The Court found him guilty, and sentenced him to death. Agents reduced the sentence to five years and transportation to America. The Captain sailed on September 8, 1812.

Crime Capsules



LAST LAUGH: Deers-addict, 22-year-old James Cumberland, of Brooklyn, briefly entered a restaurant, two infamous lovelies slinging candy to either side. Suddenly he popped on his heels with popped eyes. "Learner go! Learner go!" he yelled, desperately endeavoring to disentangle himself from the lovelies' clutch. "Now isn't you the one!" scolded the lovelies adoringly, continuing themselves even more tightly about him. "Aloose up in a jiffy!" They were still bubbling with happy excitement when four casually placed police clapped an apprehension around James from their strangle-hold and arrested him for 12 signed telegrams in one year.

ADULT AMATEURS: According to Scotland Yard, shop-lifting in Britain is recovering its amateur status. Now that the blackmarket is deterring, goodness knows that nearly three-quarters of the shop-lifting is done by first-offenders. Offenders, add the constabulary simultaneously but firmly, are now "bony per cent. leaner!" . . . with deliberate malice of starving children at an all-time low.

THE DEVIL IT WAS! Some citizens hold up banks, others just beat them open with dynamite; but the vast majority let them look over their own business. With all this, however,

Edgar Talbot, currently in a U.S. prison, has an attitude towards banking which places him in a minority of one. The ingenious Mr. Talbot inveigled one Paul Belonger, member in good standing of a Canadian banking firm, into a basement room of black magic and convinced the perspiring pharisee that he was in possession of the Devil. The Devil, he added as an after-thought, had sent him expressly to collect \$2,000 dollars from M. Belonger. Awed by this infernal request, M. Belonger paid up handsomely. Result? As it worked, M. Belonger is doing time for embezzling the \$2,000 grant. Mr. Talbot is suffering the same fate as an accessory. The Devil is still at large.

DEATH DUTY: There was a certain mystery laid about the reasoning of "Black Molly," a negro who was brought to a shore from Africa to the West Indies island of Barb in 1824. Molly was sent to a plantation where—on the strength of her motherly appearance—she was set to work as a maid. Time passing as it will, however, Molly's master became pained at the lingering lot of still-born children she was presenting. He made a surprise inspection of Molly's quarters. He found Molly cheerfully musing at what was left of a newborn subject.



THE REFORMATION

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS, THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN NOUMEA
FEARED THE SKELTON IN HIS CUPBOARD, IT GOT OUT

SIXTEEN years! Almost to the day!
And now there had come an end.
Councillor Armand Dubosc of
Noumea put down the telephone and
let his back subside into a protesting
velvet chair. His body felt at
that moment was as supple as were
his thoughts. Yet there were those
in Noumea Calédonie who thought
of Councillor Dubosc as one whose
kindness and philanthropy equalled

that of Monsieur le maire, the well-
loved Raoul Montoux.

Armand Dubosc almost stopped
breathing. The threat that for sixteen
years had hung over him, de-
pendent only on the whim of one
man, had evaporated with the last
breath of Monsieur le maire, Raoul
Montoux—him not it could not be
true! None-at-a-little-good-man! It
could not!

ERLE WILSON • FICTION



OF ARMAND DUBOSC

Dubosc was young when his first
office looked his way down three miles,
away in the centre of Noumea. That
—then was Raoul Montoux, then, and
nearly in wrinkled and sweat-stained
cloak as he had appeared on that
night sixteen years ago.

The scarecrow Raoul Montoux had,
without invitation, seated himself at
the deep where Dubosc reserved for
important customers. None-at-a-
ding, now! What is that? What date
this bookkeeper wants? Money as
shall not get. Dubosc, the wealthiest
trader, man-of-war and timberman in

Nouméa Calédonie, was also a roomy-
lender—at high interest and against
heavy security, for he was a hard
man. But it was well-known that
this Montoux owned only a lucky,
wreck-riddled cutter not worth
twenty francs. Not! There would be
no money for him—no, and
could never be quite sure; this ob-
ject, it was said, knew something of
prospecting and he had just come in
from a long way up the coast. Nou-
méa Calédonie was one of the richest
islands on all the world in mineral
deposits.

Then was a day mark on his shoulder a brand?



A SHORT HOWLY ON LIQUID REFRESHMENT

"When they shudder to say
a man 'drinks like a fish'
and haste to deploy
their resolution, I wish
they'd recall their structure a
moment to think
what exactly it is that fishes
do drink."

JAY-PAT

Dubois allowed the ghost of a smile to come on a face as hard usually as the wood of the slabs.
"Ah, Monsieur Monteur, is it not? We have not met before, I think!"
The down-staid visitor smiled.
"No, monsieur, we have not met—not acquainted. But I have had the—ah—happiness of seeing you before. Some one you at close quarters, Monsieur Dubois. Ah, yes, quite close. But then, monsieur, it was your back that was towards me."

"Monsieur! Your business?" Dubois asked.

"—I happened to fall asleep, monsieur, in the shade of a rock beside La Cascade-de-Kapou. Do you battle there frequently?"

Monteur seemed to smile a pique.
"Ah, you need not tell me, monsieur. You do not battle frequently at La Cascade-de-Kapou — or anywhere else. How do I know that?"

Dubois had not spoken. His visitor was generous in malicious sympathy. "Ah, but; but it is simple — as simple. Your back, it has no man-

ture, no, it is unadorned but firm."
"Well—"

"But for one most curious mark, monsieur. I wonder, what does it signify, that mark so like a brand—so like a letter 'M' on your right shoulder? Ah, no, you would be most welcome to say the give you so much have in that drawer. Anticipating possible unpleasantness, Monsieur Dubois, I have written a letter—to be opened only in the unfortunate event of my demise. Pardon, monsieur!"

Monteur nodded approval.
"That 'M' is intriguing on your back, men say, it stands for murderer—murderer—in it not so? And it is on the broad pad on those who have tried and failed to escape from Devil's Island. Plainly, monsieur, you are a man of unusual determination for you tried a second time and got away."

Dubois's face was gray and lifeless. With this man's coming, years of peace had ended. Years during which he had built up a new life, in which, at last, he, Armand Dubois, had wielded power over the destinies of others. He was not loved, no. Since young manhood when the dark fields of Provence had witnessed his wooing of Yvonne Beauguide and when he had killed a rival in a drunken quarrel—lives had entered not at all into his life. But women, yes, bought and tossed aside. It was poetic justice, perhaps, that he had been on his way along the St. Louis road, bound for the home of Pierre Monteur, an ex-procurator whose daughter, Quene, was the most beautiful girl in Nouvelle-Orleans when the heat of the day had induced him to park his car, enter the thicket, and, for once forgetting a rigid rule, throw off his clothing and have his over-looked bulk in the cool rush of

watering Cascade-de-Kapou.

Quite unsuspecting that his bathos had been seen, Dubois had confided in the laze of Pierre Monteur. The old procurator had borrowed money from Dubois on the security of his home, his interest payments were his from market, although from Monteur's point of view, an excellent notion for the better of such an attractive young woman as Madeleine Quene to be in.

"What do you want of me, Monsieur?"

"You expect mercy, Dubois. Yes, who have not spared man or woman particularly women — when you give rich? With those for the good of you, well, I shall be truly married. But it will not be in any way new and well understood—yet. First, there is the matter of the Monteur assignment; you will destroy it now, at once, and to old Pierre you will make a little gift, a nice bagatelle, of one hundred thousand francs. Ah, well, men say, well, I have but because To Madeleine Quene to marry to me, for we are about to enter, you will make over a half share in your nickel mine at Tido, your copper mines at Pave, your oilskin beams in the South and your newworks at Ounce. That will leave you still a very wealthy man, Dubois, but it will do for the present."

Thinking back to the past, Armand Dubois cursed his late tormentor as he reviewed those 'good works.' How the hands in hell must have laughed, laughed with that devil Monteur; branded him to men's indignity branded another. The gift of a silverware to the mistress, inaccessible cash donations, none of them small; the building of churches, hospitals; schools; the donation of scholarships; relief to impoverished families with-

out end! Every was a drop of blood. A step ascended on the verandah. "Enter—Enter" Counselor Armand Dubois's voice had once again its old note of importance. It was Doctor Gern, solemn and well-dressed.

"Well, Monsieur Dubois, our good friend is gone. I should not have warned you again so late only that before he passed away, Basil asked me to take charge of this letter for you—to be particularly careful that it reached you before my work."

Armand Dubois, with fear in his heart, took the letter.

"Please, Monsieur Dubois, read it now. You were such—such close associates it is no doubt a last message of friendship," the Doctor intoned.

Dubois nodded mutely. He read.

Armand, my old one! he at once. I have not left, and never at any time have I written, any letter about my so-fortunate discovery that day at Cascade-de-Kapou. Well, men say, but keep up the good works. We shall meet again, you and I. Au revoir, Basil.

With the whole verbal repertoire of Devil's Island surging again into his mind, Dubois sat tongue-tied.

"Monsieur Dubois, excuse me, I am puzzled—" The doctor was speaking. "What does it mean, can you tell me, when a man has a letter 'M' branded on his back?"

Dubois's large hand gripped the doctor's arm.

"What did you say?"

The doctor disengaged Dubois's grip with fingers equally strong.

"Monsieur, I asked merely, do you know what it meant, a letter 'M' branded on the back of our late good friend, Basil Monteur?"

VIEWPOINT ON TOMBS



MARCIA McEWAN • FICTION

AT A CAFE TABLE, AN OLD ITALIAN AND AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL BOTH CHERISHED BITTER MEMORIES THAT CALLED



She had the look in her eyes of one who doesn't see people, or people

FROM his stool behind the waiter's desk, Joe surveyed his little kingdom. Small tables, draped with blue and white cloths gleamed in the subdued light. Two or three diners lingered over their tiny cups of black coffee. The waiter moved quietly through the hush of cigarette smoke, laying the silver for the next patron. Joe smiled contentedly. The cafe was his creation, his destiny.

Heard and lost child. It supported him now that his youth had passed. It represented the fulfillment of the great wish of his old age. The silver that shone in the till was a bright stream of hope, flowing with increasing speed towards the sea of his dream.

He glanced at a table for two, near the door. Only fifteen minutes until closing time and she had not come.

With much time for thinking, as he perched on his stool, he had wondered about the girl. Slim, vivacious, with soft, brown hair and a small, intelligent face, she should have had someone to take her to dinner, somewhere better than this. Yet she came alone each night about ten, took her place silently in the corner, and ate the cheapest meal. Her face was closed-in against the world.

Joe shook his graying head. In the days when the world seemed so much happier and his face was unlined, such a situation would not have been allowed. War . . . it took so many of the young men. They died in glory, perhaps, but what happened to those so many young women who were left alone?

The last customers had paid their checks and gone out into the hot

Women, women! You can't win. According to Professor Morrison of Michigan U.S.A. University, a law was passed by the Romans or far back as 88 B.C., prohibiting women from driving chariots. "Infatuated Roman femininity immediately started a protest which lasted 25 years," reports the pleased Professor. "Then in the 16th B.C. they stormed the Capitol and reestablished the constants. Their right to chariot was expeditiously restored." Some things was tried in ancient Greece. First to break the law was Mrs. Lyceum, wife of the legal eagle who passed the law. She was fined \$5000 drinking.

snuff. Two lights burned in the dim corners of the cafe. Joe settled down to await the day's events before he ate his supper. He heard the sounds of the street door. He moved out of the lounge.

The brown-haired girl hesitated in the doorway, her face white, tired, disappointed.

"Oh, I'm sorry. You're closed. I thought I'd just be able to make it."

Joe looked at the clock. Nine and Ten would be anxious to go home. He hesitated, and remembering how alone she always seemed. Discovering from the throng of her laughter, he followed her to the table for two.

"There is still time to serve you," he said, holding the chair for her. With remembered courtesy he bowed. "Sometimes, I was about to leave my own supper. Would you do me the honor of dining with me, tonight, as my guest?"

Almost before the words had passed his lips, he checked . . . was this a ploy, he was committing? . . . would she get the right interpretation on an action which could read as well or as badly? . . . he watched her . . . she seemed suspicious, he thought . . . yes, she was with all certainty suspicious.

She raised her tired face and he saw the quick suspicion in her eyes. After all she had probably never noticed him, did not understand why he should be interested in her, unless this was a polite well-meant.

He waited, holding himself with selfishly stiffened. His figure was still slight and trim, but his face was old, lined not unpleasantly, and his sharp, dark eyes, framed by wrinkles, were wise and kind.

For a moment she stared unconprehendingly. It was the look of one who has not seen people, as people, for a long time. Then her eyes smiled quietly.

"I'd be delighted," she said. "Although I'm afraid, I'm not very good company."

The night was hot. Joe turned on the big fan. The draught lifted the girl's soft hair. Some brought soup and a bottle of light wine. He pleased Joe to see that the girl ate with the enjoyment of one who was really hungry. He toyed with his own soup and talked. His guest must be entertained while she ate.

"All day I sit on my stool," he told her, "and I see many people pass in and out. Some are just outside who chance to see my sign at the time

the clock tells them they should be hungry. Others have known the tale a long time. They come to conversation as well as food. They know the meals are good and hospitable and that there will be others here, drinking coffee, talking. They are the interesting people."

"These you noticed, Samos, that so many of the really interesting people eat cheap meals?"

The girl smiled. Joe's heart warmed because the smile was sincere and friendly and he had noticed how easily she smiled.

"They're the people who are going some place, and doing it the hard way," she said.

"And you are going some place, aren't?"

The girl looked back in her chair. She watched some place the big plates of spaghetti on the table. When he had gone, she sighed. "When I travel, of course, was that they are making something of their lives. They have a career . . . an art, perhaps . . . some goal to reach."

Joe nodded. "I know. But you? I think you work very hard and late. You have a purpose, like the others?"

"I suppose I have. It's not the same, though, as it is with these others who are building up. I'm not going anywhere in life. There's nothing I can do more. But I have to make a journey. I've been working for it for a long time."

"Going overseas?" So many of the young ones are doing that. They take adventures of peace," he suggested. "—the outskirts of peace. Where will you go? England?"

She shook her head. "Later, perhaps. I don't really know. I'm going to your country—Italy."

Joe's eyes sparkled with interest. "A truly beautiful country. Me . . . I like the country of poets, with rich

blue skies and bright sun. It has green meadows. But it is only natural for a man to love but the place where he was born. Have you planned to visit any particular places?"

"Genoa," she said. "Ah, yes, Genoa—and Venice, the two bright eyes of Italy. Today they are only ghosts of their old glory, but once," Joe remembered dreamily, "once, there's were women that thrilled the world, Samos. They were the great cities of commerce, opening up the trade routes. And Venice was queen of the sea."

"Forgive me," he added, "if I sound too proud, but I am a Venetian; and even if a man has nothing else, great memories can make life a very sweet thing."

"Memories are things that are past and dead. They can't be sweet." Her voice was choked. Joe glanced at her sharply. But she had so suddenly over her plate to hide her tears! She must have been hurt and she was very bitter for one so young. But weren't the young so much more likely to be bitter than the old, who had seen so much? He had been like that himself. If only he knew, if he could help her.

Frederick used to notice she was upset, he concluded. "You'll find Genoa at today interesting. But it is the past that makes her so fascinating. You know something about the history of the city of the Venetians?"

Her voice was flat and dead. "Nothing. I hadn't thought about the city at all."

Joe waved his shaggy Italian hands, shaking his head vehemently. "No, no. You don't travel just to go from one place to another or to pass away. You travel to find something. . . . Here." He leaned forward earnestly.

"Sometime you are going to Italy, but travelling won't please you unless you can see the country as the centuries have made her."

The fork lay forgotten on Joe's plate. He was remembering that he was more than Joe, the dear wife's progenitor. He was Giovanni Lombardi; he was young and a soldier, with great dreams for his struggling Italy. That was a long time ago and the Italy he had believed united and peaceful had been laid waste by war, again. Still, there had been dreams, moments of glory. . . didn't they make a man's life worth-while? Even his personal tragedy was less bitter when he thought about it as a little incident in two thousand years of history.

He told the girl about his Venice. She moved her chin on her hands and some of the brightness went out of her as she nibbled at the olives Rene had brought with the coffee. The word from the electric fan blew

her hair over her face. He remembered how he had waited beside a girl whose hair fell over, like that to the waist of an airplane propeller. Tomorrow they had watched the plane racing like a silver bird in the blue sky. . . .

"Don't look only at what you see, today," Joe said. "That is why the tourist, who looks with his eyes, but not his soul, is always disappointed. He sees squalor, poverty, the rubble of war-torn buildings. He is told the architecture a Renaissance, or Italian-Gothic, and he finds it insensate compared with his modern buildings. But you, Giovanni, must see the art in which they were built, and the builders. . . ."

"There are many fine tombs in the cities of Italy," he said. "Great artists were commissioned to make resting places of marble for the popes and princes, so that their names and deeds would not be forgotten."

Joe remembered a plain stone in

Venice. There was no heroic inscription on that. Only two names, and a date. Isabella, and her little sonnie. She died in childbirth. When her time had come she'd had only a grieving father-in-law to comfort her, because, somewhere, there was another, an unborn's grave. It had seemed an unnecessary death, but when he looked back he saw that that was how circumstances were built.

He flushed for words, looking at the girl. "Yes, there are fine tombs in Italy. The guide will say, 'This is the tomb of such-and-such.' But what is the good of looking at tombs unless you see around them, and understand why those names have been remembered?"

The girl's eyes were fixed on him silently, glancing through her lashes. He was tempted to tell her about those two sons of his — the plain handsome boys who died, not on the country that was, but for a dream of glory. It had taken him

so long to see the shabby children who played by the canal as men, following the pattern of all mankind and, therefore, not worthy thought of the tale of tombs. . . . thought she must be entertained, not made more sad.

"You must try to see Venice," he said. "Don't be disappointed if the water is dark and gray in the canals, and the present women throw vegetable scraps from the windows onto passing gondolas. Our Venice is the child and the bride of the sea. The marbles were her fortress against the Vendice. Once, in her great days, when the merchant mariners brought gold and spices and cloth from the East, the canals were thronged with gondolas. Their sterns were as extravagant as the Venetian because so extravagant that the Doge decreed all gondolas should be of uniform blackness. . . ."

One day, when he was returning from the market with his mother, little Giovanni had fallen from the



**A SIMPLE RULE FOR
CONDUCTING
A DEBATE**

When you're in the right, my
bel,
argue like a man!
But, if you're wrong, to win,
my boy,
argue as only a woman can.

JAY-PAY

lured gossamer. He'd been gossamer for
rinsing his best suit. Years later,
in the ward of the military hospital,
he'd said, "Come that shell, Papa.
It ruined my best uniform!"

For the girl Jay wore a colorful
story. He gathered and turned the
threads until he told how the steel
city, for all her legendary impror-
pability, had fallen, decadent in her
wealth.

"How else should it be?" he said.
"Crime and nations grow great and
decay. If they did not, if men did
not struggle to build, there give way
to other builders it would be un-
natural. There must be change, or
there is no life."

Jay smiled and drained his glass.
Here and Terry had gone home long
ago. Only the fan whirled in the
silence of the side.

The girl sat a long time, silent,
making a pattern in the cloth with
her forefinger. The waitress about
her mouth, he thought, had relaxed
a little but there was the staring
distance of grief in her eyes.

Perhaps he had been speaking not
to help her, but to ease himself of
the thoughts which tangled and un-
tangled themselves in his mind as
he sat, day after day, at his mother's
desk. Could it be that in comforting
her he had sought comfort for him-
self? Emotions were strange, con-
fusing things—how easily they could
deceive a man about his own motives.

Still the girl said nothing. Jay
looked forward grimly.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have
talked too long, and all this talk of
the past and groves and the dead
history of one small country is not
good for a young lady to hear at
dinner. Pardon an old man who
likes to reminisce."

The girl started. She stared blankly
at him for a moment, then seemed
to remember where she was. "No,"
she shook her head, "do not apologize
to me. I want to thank you for all
you have told me. I'm afraid I've
lived for a long time without being
able to see around corners. My hus-
band . . . he was a poet. I was
sightless and we'd only been married
three months when he was shot down
over Italy. He was buried at Ghent.
For years my only thought has been
to see his grave."

After she had gone Jay slumped
in his chair, not seeing the dishes
on the table, nor hearing the din.
Even in the sorrow he was glad he
was of a race who were not ashamed
of open tears. He was glad, too, for
her sake, because the dead-in look
had gone from her face. But it was
hard, even after so many years, to
be philosophical when one thought
of lonely women, and shabby chil-
dren who had played on the back
of a canal.

Wasn't he, also, working to go
home, to spend his last years by a
tomb?



*"I got them for two lives. One I gave my husband
and one I caught him giving his secretary"*

CANYONADE September 1931

COSTUME CUSTOMS

DRAPED SHAPE BY GIBSON



Ah! A ticket for a fancy
quasi ball! I'll bet the
family let their hair
down at this.



I can just picture Auntie Flo in
her peasant costume. She's worn
this outfit to every ball for the
past forty years.



And Uncle Charlie will surely
be there doing his — I mean
a dash as a daring Mexican.



Downs Bull, who was a great
fun at the late Douglas Fair-
banks, looked dressed as a
washbuckling type. Well,
it's even money he turns up as
a cowboy or rodeo rider at
something.

With a little persuasion Aunt
and Dad could easily be talked
into going to Kansas and
Julia.



Fred is sure to represent "Big
Cheek" from "in the face" —
and Alec will be the ghost
that was supposed to go
with.



Sister Susan for a certainty
will wear her latest swim
suits — but isn't it a
pity — I've just noticed
that the ticket was for last
year! Damn it!



Gibson

STRANGER and Strangers



NEW-STYLE SMUGGLERS are on the border of Holland and Belgium. In the past two years, a gang of Dutchmen smuggled hundreds of drunks pigs out of their country. Method is to stuff the porkers full of cheap alcohol, pop them into knapsacks, then "pussy-back" them past the late Stockard rifle, too, have been following the same path. The hoppers of the bottles are stuffed with heavy socks to prevent rattling, their mouths are smeared with ointment. As sleep has an attraction for the rifle's two-buds, the animals are content to silently lick. Purpose? Cheap Dutch liquor is transported profitably on the blackmarket into France.

HIGHEST FEE in medical history was paid to the French surgeon, Jean Petit, by Auguste the Strong, elector of Saxony. Petit had performed an operation on the elector's foot in the record time of 11 minutes. He was paid a medical fee of 10,000 thalers, traveling expenses of 1,000 thalers; a diamond ring, other valuable jewelry, and a life annuity of 1,200 thalers. Sum total. Value exceeding \$40,000.

TATTOOING RATTLESNAKES is a pastime of US Professor Arny M. Woodbury . . . but his cause is he does it for scientific reasons. He marks the snakes with numbers so that they can be identified. In the past ten years, he has tattooed 77

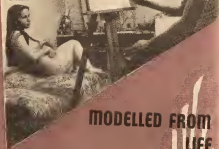
retless Froens? A home-made outfit of six needle points, mounted on piano wire, vibrating on the coxing of a mechanical pump. Eight dry-cell batteries furnish the power. The needle-points punch through the tough skin and the scales to make the tattoo permanent. All rattlers are tattooed under the body just behind the head.

ITZY-BITZY BITES have been confounding the US Air Force. Recently a plane full of Army officers suddenly found the passengers more or less flat on their backs . . . beating frantically at an assorted swarm of flies, mosquitoes, grasshoppers, giant weevils and Mexican bean beetles that had unexpectedly attacked them. Three minutes later, however, the insects were flat on their backs. They had contacted with thoughtfully sprayed with a deadly DDT-spraying combination. Idea was to test methods of combating the carriers of bugs in international planes.

ARE WOMEN'S CROWNING GLORY? Seeing that a Brighton owner of a television set suffered serious disfigurement at a regular time each night. Unable to trace the cause, the zone tele-ten enlisted the aid of certain television detectives. The sleuths astutely traced the disturbance to a girl's school. Disturbance, they explained, was caused by missed watching combing their tresses while nothing to bed.



If our hats are in the way, just remove them."



MODELLED FROM LIFE

She wanted to be an artist's model. And there's real fire and sex in her. Lucie Miller (pronounced "Shelton"), one of the beauties of the 1950 students at the Art Students League New York City, sits in her husband, Myron Bogen's, nude classroom. Art and "classroom" are new love-tempting psychiatric treatment which special fellows from the beds of "The Mirror" in reproduction enjoy. I have produced.



And why shouldn't Lucie be popular? Give her a couple of shots or a few words and she can never hold a down pose. "What's more, she can freeze her face and, even after the most horrendous act to which hellfire, she can resume her pose precisely from memory. 'Get bored?', says Lucie. "No, I just let my mind wander and plan how I'd do the painting myself."



But there're two sides to every picture. Once Laura's through with work, she goes home to a bath room, washes up, slips into an Minkintosh's lower cut and the sheets of white as husband Myers. When they were married, she says, they used to fight like wild cats, but now they're divorced, they love husband like new babies. Appointments are positive, but they get along. All Laura, Laura was born a look, and for treatment they can always use a bath and a shell.



pointers to BETTER HEALTH



LIVERISH?

Feeling lurching? Well, if it's not a man of a hour of the dog that has you, there's a simple test to diagnose your liver. By means of a dye (taken by mouth or injected into a vein), medical men can now diagnose whether the liver is really doing its job of filtering poisons or waste matter from the blood. If the liver is working properly, the dye will be removed from the blood. The test is harmless, easily applied, and may be repeated without ill-effects from time to time.

WATER AND WEIGHT:

A professional wrestler may take off eight or ten pounds in weight during a wrestling bout and put them back in ten minutes. But no wrestler has ever lost an even eight pounds in the same time. How? The weight lost and gained is mostly water, as fat tissue of the body holds water like a sponge. In every pound of fat there is a little more than three pounds of water, so that when one pound of fat is lost, four pounds of weight is lost. Moral: To keep weight down, drink whenever you are thirsty but drink just half as much of any liquid.

EGG-EFFICIENCY

How valuable is an egg for bodily health? More than most people suspect. The yolk of an egg is especially valuable from a vitamin standpoint.

The yolk contains vitamins A, B, C and D. In addition to assisting the liver to store up signs, it aids all foods to do their utmost in providing nourishment. So don't under-rate the egg, it deserves a front place from a body building standpoint.

WHY A STIFF?

What a stiff neck, immediately treatment by hand is effective. But what is the cause of the stiff? A stiff is an outward sign of inward trouble usually meaning a run-down condition—excess of stress, general tiredness, flat blood. Regular bowel movement, fresh air, and liver oil, a general building up of the body should prevent stiff.

BACKACHE

Does every picture tell a story for you? Do you suffer from pain in the lower back without knowing what causes it? Remember that the pain may be caused either by infection (perhaps of the teeth, the tonsils or the sinuses) or it may be caused by an injury. There is an easy way of telling which. When the pain is due to injury, the patient can usually lie down, adopt a certain position and be practically free from discomfort. On the other hand, when the pain is due to infection, it becomes worse when the patient lies down, becomes red and down on the circulation and recovers the point which is often given by walking or other exercise.

The man they chose for executioner was one of their intended victim's best friends — which was worse.

J. W. REMING



he killed BILLY THE KID

IT takes two to make a killing—the killer and the killed. When Billy the Kid was wiped out, the stories concentrated on Billy. In fact, they did more than that. They accused his killer of murder.

So let's look at it with an open mind.

William H. Sharrett was born in New York on November 21, 1853. At the ripe old age of twelve, Billy was a tough little brawler in Silver City, New Mexico. And I mean tough. He

had already slained a man to death — a blacksmith, at that — and had started to carve the 22 notches which he later boasted on his one-gut.

Billy was soon heard of when he shot three men from ambush (they had been friends of the blacksmith). At the age of fourteen, instead of wearing a coat too large for him, a torn shirt and worn boots and pants, he had become a steady with a tall black sombrero like a top hat with a narrow brim, a brightly-colored

suit set off with a Mexican bandana, a long coat and a fancy waistcoat, metallic pants and a decorated Mexican gambelt, crested to hold two bullets.

He could shoot with both hands, though he preferred the left.

When he had to leave Mesquite—by Mesquite's good.

He rode towards Pecos—and he needed money. He saw three Indians trying to shoot to be sold. He dismounted the three — and sold the skins for them.

After a while, Billy joined up with two other unimpaired characters — one O'Farrell and Charlie Bowdre (the two began an association. Remember? Murder).

When Billy was sixteen, he had grown to five feet six, but he was still called "Billy the Kid." The legends of rustlers, however, under-estimate him to violence. The notches increased on Billy's gun. The trouble-

free women are knife-cattle . . . as Billy discovered. He took a fancy to a fifteen-year-old Lincoln farmer's daughter named Caroline Welch. He was doing extremely well when a disgraced boy-drunk came upon the over-loving couple at a very awkward moment. Billy shot him dead. The girl talked. Billy just beat the pants out of town. The girl's boyfriend had not carried a gun.

Billy finally moved to Lincoln. Billy and his two cronies got a job on the ranch of Jess Miguel Sedillo, a forty-year-old Mexican who had a wife, an eighteen-year-old son and a rather luscious fifteen-year-old daughter. Billy took one look at the wispert and said: "That's for me!"

And believe it or not, he went west-on-his straight for years.

His loading of the cattle-men and sheep-men in the county finally reached a climax in 1878.

There were two better West towns. The sheep-men and rustlers were led by the Murphy-Dolan crowd. But there was a fly in their ointment. He was John H. Tansell, an Englishman, who had come this Lincoln and had opened up an opposition to Murphy.

What began as a police-offing was slowly grew more serious. Tansell's main assistant was a man of fifty, Alexander A. McIlwain. He was Tansell's accountant, partner . . . a lawyer, once trained as a minister and deeply religious.

Murphy took the side of the sheep-men. Tansell took a side like a fortress and took the side of the rustlers. Towards the end of January, 1878, in the pool room opposite the Courthouse, Billy got into an argument with a drunken sheep-harder and shot him (dead as usual). Tansell promptly put Billy and his pals on his pay-roll as gun-men.

The sheriff of Lincoln was a man named James A. Brady—engineered into his job by Murphy. His father, Dan Roberts Brady, was the county judge. The drunk whom Billy had shot in the pool-room had had a gun in his hand. The incident passed.

There is a Bill of Sale in existence showing that Billy sold a several horse for 12 dollars on February 14, 1878. It was bought by the local doctor. The doctor mentioned that during his rounds he had seen the sheep-men getting ready to march on Lincoln.

The sheep-men slipped into town, keeping out of sight. It was almost midnight when a man walked to the door of Tansell's store and called: "Is Mr. Tansell there? He's wanted." The man was Sheriff Brady. Tansell walked out on his porch—and went permanently down under a hail of lead.

From all sides men ran towards the distant shore. But into the street only the cowboys—a horde of them. The war was on!

It lasted for days. Billy, despite his age, took charge of the cattle-men. He managed to shoot Sheriff Brady off with a shot in the back. The other side set sight to Mc-Soreen's house, and called McSoreen as he came out reading his Bible as the men were driven into the hole, but still fought war.

The news of the strike was so loud it reached official ears in Washington. President Hayes contacted his old friend, General Lew Wallace. Wallace was writing a book and reluctantly put aside his pen. You may have heard of the book. He called it "Ben Hur." He started for Lincoln.

Next! The war was called off . . . with pardons all round! Billy and his pals went to Fort Sumner. They began a series of raids on the herds of the big cattlemen. Well, the ruling sheriff, didn't seem able to check them. John Charnan and other cattlemen, covered the country for a new sheriff.

Which was where Billy's friends came in. The men selected by the cattlemen was Pat Garrett—no-buffalo shooting, sharp, no-half hearted-a-half cocked tail, with a large handle-bar mustache — a determined and ruthless game-officer. He was also a close friend of Billy the Kid and his gang. He knew all their secrets!

Undoubtedly Garrett was appointed for the special purpose of getting Billy the Kid.

But the Kid and his men were not easy to find. Hearing that they would be coming into Fort Sumner for Christmas, Garrett and his posse waited on them on Christmas Eve and gave Tom O'Farrell a sudden present. He died during Garret while the posse played poker. The

other five men beat it for the hills.

Garrett traced them to a hut. At dawn on Boxing Day morning, he shot Charlie Bowden dead against. The Kid, Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett and Dave Buchanan surrendered. The prisoners were taken to Santa Fe.

Billy was tried in Santa Fe and found guilty of the murder of Sheriff Brady. He was sentenced to die on May 13 in Lincoln.

Chained hand and foot, he was lodged in the courtroom of the Lincoln County Courthouse with two guards—Deputies J. N. Bell and a notorious character named Web Olinger. Olinger constantly threatened to kill Billy with the contents of his shotgun. He went out to lunch one day and the Kid got Bell's gun. Bell ran and the Kid shot him dead as usual. He then loaded Olinger as the deputy crossed the road. Garrett was out of town.

Billy could have escaped into Mexico, but he was in love with a pair of dark eyes in Fort Sumner. He went there. He had twenty-one bullets in, his gun—two short of his cartridge.

Garrett secured the land all the way to the border, then gave up. Bill was living six miles out of Fort Sumner and was often in the town. A drunk named George Graham, in another town, heard two friends of the Kid's say he was in Fort Sumner. Graham told the information to Sheriff John W. Fox for one dollar. Fox took the story to Garrett.

Garrett, Fox and a man named Mr. Kinsey rode to Sumner. At midnight they went along to the house of Pete Maxwell, who had been a friend of both the Kid and Garrett. Garrett left his men outside while he went in to wake Maxwell. He was sitting by Maxwell's bed, in the dark room,

when he heard the Kid's voice!

Billy had walked across from his secret's place to see a stink from a dead hanging on Maxwell's porch. He climbed into the darkness and drew on them, but not knowing whether they might be friends of Maxwell's, backed off into Maxwell's bedroom. He stood at the foot of the bed — and Garrett shot him through the heart. Then ran!

On February 3, 1885, Garrett followed, he fought with one Weyers (dead); Garrett grabbed a shotgun. Brand shot him in front and heart—

and was magnificently acquitted.

Billy the Kid was buried near O'Farrell and Bowden. The cemetery was later neglected. It had twelve guarded men in it and was said to be haunted. Some drunken soldiers shot to prove the wooden cross which bore the Kid's name. But in recent years a legislature has been erected. It today says "PAID: Tom O'Farrell, Dead Dec. 1884; Charlie Bowden, Dead, Dec. 1884; William H. Kinsey, slain Billy the Kid, Dead July." The ponds are to "graze again!"

THE PRESENT

By CLYDE WILLIAMS

JOHN.



WILLIAMS' ORIGINAL WORK, IS GIVEN
THE FIRST TIME BY THE EDITOR



WILLIAMS' ORIGINAL WORK, IS GIVEN
THE FIRST TIME BY THE EDITOR



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Honeymoons can be curious

Ever-loving couples, racing each other for the honey. For Mrs. Vander may take note . . . and breathe.

GERALD ROSSINI



HONEY is sweet, and a "honey" is a month. A honeymoon, therefore, should be a "sweet month." Considering how some people on this earth spend their honeymoons, however, they are often as far from being sweet as they are from being a month in duration.

In fact, the period that one poet has called "a little bit of heaven" as, in some countries, a little bit of just the opposite.

The word "honeymoon," itself,

comes from northern Europe. In certain sections there it was once the custom for a newly married couple to get highly intoxicated immediately after the wedding ceremony, and to remain in more or less the same condition for the following four weeks. This effort was obtained with a drink called "mead." And since mead was made from honey, the first stretch of married life became known as the "honeymonth," or "honeymoon."

Back in the Fifth century, Attia

the first—who, incidentally, had consumed most of Europe—drank to such extent at his wedding feast that he didn't have to follow the custom of drinking it daily for the next twenty-nine days. He died from over-indulgence.

The custom of getting intoxicated immediately after getting married dates very back into Biblical times. In even older custom, however, is that whereby the groom "carries" the bride off to some hideaway, where they can spend the honeymoon far from the prying of friends and relatives.

This desire of a newly married couple to be alone together—whether on a South Sea Island or at Niagara Falls—might seem as natural as to need no explanation. Yet, according to anthropologists, the custom is really a remnant of what marriage was like back in more than days.

All that time, each tribe was ruled by an Old Man. As soon as a girl was old enough, the Old Man of the tribe would take her for his own wife. Therefore the only way a young fellow could get a wife would be to grab a woman—and run.

Among the Amazon Indians, in central Chile, the "Old Man" of the tribe no longer grabs up all the girls. But the same man type of honeymoon still lingers on.

When a young man there meets a young lady who catches his heart best in double-quick time, his first step is to surround her nightly.

After a short time of this, he gets some money and some friends and goes to her house. The friends give the money to the girl's father, then women in last discussed about why she should get married.

While the discussions go on, the father sends out the girl. When he finds her, she cries for help and her

own friends come running . . . but

In the meantime, the eager young man anxiously attempts to get the girl upon his horse, and they gallop off to the forest together—each everyone following in hot pursuit. As soon as he gets the girl far enough into the woods, however, the pursuers suddenly get tired and go back home.

A honeymoon is sometimes considered a sort of last party, to see just how well two people can stand being in one another's sole company—without exploding.

In the vicinity of Carthagen, for example, when a wedding is over, the bride is taken home by her father. The bridegroom, with friends and relatives, then goes to her house and knocks on the door. No matter how hard he knocks, no one answers. So he searches the grounds until he finds a ladder—which is always around—and climbs into the house through a window.

Inside, he looks for the girl. She plays hide and seek, but eventually is discovered, playing behind a door or under a bed.

They remain in that room together, seeing no one but each other, and getting food passed to them through a grating, for five full days.

A somewhat similar custom is observed among a few tribes in the Sahara Desert. There the just married couple are locked up for seven days. If, on the morning of the eighth, they are still on speaking terms, the groom comes out, climbs a palm tree, cuts off the top, and brings it to his bride.

She cooks the date, which is considered a very tasty treat, and passes it around to other members of the two families.

The whole procedure simulates fast, after spending seven days and nights alone with the girl, the fellow is still

willing to risk her neck to get her the best things in life—and so they will probably have a very happy marriage together.

While having looked up together might not be the best way to spend a honeymoon, there's little doubt that most newly married couples would like to have a little privacy now and then. With the Keffers, in South Africa, however, this isn't always possible.

If a Keffe girl gets as old as 21 and still isn't married, her father becomes very worried. Maybe people think she isn't pretty enough, or that she has some hidden disfigurement, or that she hasn't been chosen. The old man decides she must get a husband as soon as possible—before her market value drops to zero.

So he figures out where he'd like for her father-in-law, and sends a gift to the man's house. If the gift isn't returned, the way is open for negotiations.

The next step is made by the potential groom's uncle, who hangs around the girl's house, watching her comings and goings, and reporting their findings back to his father.

If the young lady proves acceptable, she dresses in her most colorful clothes and, followed by friends, goes to the boy's house.

The walk is more like a funeral procession than a wedding march, since everyone, including the bride-to-be, walks constantly at the way.

When she arrives at her destination, she kneels all the men talk of the house, including the "husky men," waiting for her. She kneels before them and takes off her clothes. Then she sits, stands, walks around, and goes through every position they tell her to, while they comment out loud to one another about her good and bad points—just as if they were buy-

ing a horse . . . so badly married.

The women come on next. They also study her—pounding her, punching her, pulling her hair, and testing her teeth. Finally the whole family sits together, and if the girl has passed all the examinations, a feast is paid to her father and the wedding is completed.

There is still no privacy for the bride, however. Even on the wedding night, two male members of the husband's family stay with them until dawn, to make sure the marriage is actually consummated.

And all during the early part of the marriage after relatives of the groom are constantly around, during the most intimate moments, to make sure everything is proceeding according to form and that he has not been ripped.

In a good many parts of the world, a girl doesn't have much say about whom she gets for a husband.

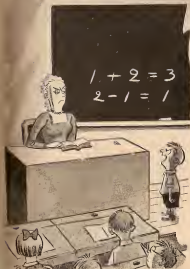
In a few places, however, "teenage contacts" have evolved, which give a girl a slight chance to modify such a wedding—if she's strong enough.

Around the Hottentots, for instance, a girl who is married off to a man she really dislikes is given one chance, and one chance only, to get rid of him.

On the wedding night, she and the groom are left alone in a small hut. If the bride—using fists and feet, teeth and nail—can keep him from having his way with her for the entire night, she will get her freedom. If she loses, she's his for life.

Such loving couples often return from their honeymoons covered with bruises, or sporting black eyes and broken bones—but very happy about the whole business, nonetheless.

After all, some girls just enjoy playing hard to get.



"Don't you remember? You asked me that yesterday, and I told you I didn't know!"

a house that hugs the ground

Designed especially for a wide site with a southerly aspect, this month's CAYLAGE house contains two bed-rooms, the primary object being to construct a home which will give relaxed ease and an opportunity for casual living. A combination of timber and stone have been used in this design. The roof is flat, built up with layers of bituminous compound and topped off with quartz crystals. Thermal insulation is provided by patent insulating materials laid above the ceiling between the rafters. To ensure privacy, the windows have been used in the

street-frontage. Bed-rooms and living room have been placed towards the north-east. The main entrance is centrally situated, allowing access to both living and sleeping sections. The floor is quarry stone, covered outside through the glass-wall, by forming a wide porch at the rear. Both bed-rooms have built-in furniture. Bedrooms and living-room have walls of glass. A built-in side-board completes the dining room and kitchen facilities include a sinkette. The bath-room has a separate shower recess and a toilet-enclosed toilet.



THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 80)

PREPARED BY WARWICK KELLS



WICKEDEST MAN

in the world

JOHN ADAM



Brilliant poet, mystical doubter in magic (white and black), he was stripped of his godliness by an old judge.

THE "most wicked man in the world"—according to Britain's eye-baring judge, Mr. Justice Swinfen—the brilliant Cavendish poet, Edward Alexander Crowley, who carried far himself this stigma by his dabbling in magic, black and white—and red.

Showering up in the libel case which Crowley brought against the author, Miss Hammers, and the publishers of her book, "Laughing

Worm," the judge said: "I've never heard such blasphemy, dreadful and horrible stuff as that which has been produced by the man who describes himself as the 'prudent helter skelter'."

"After forty years engaged in the administration of the law in one capacity or another, I thought I knew of every conceivable form of wickedness. I've learned in this case, to see

and you can always learn something more if you live long enough."

In her book, the author described some of the events which led up to Crowley's expulsion from London by the Secret in the spring of 1913.

In 1905, he had purchased an old farmhouse near the village of Chelton, and converted it into a temple called the Abbey of Thelema. A number of his disciples from England and America gathered there, including women and children.

At his bidding, Crowley was called "Beast 666" and his bedroom at the temple was called the "Temple of Mathematics." It was decorated with fantastic frescoes, some of them obscene. In the temple, a large parchment was drawn in red on the floor, with an altar in the middle bearing a book and candles.

Lawrence was buried in a bronze, and candles and round the circle. During the magical ceremonies, Crowley wore a robe with a cow. His "spiritual wife" (who was known as the "Scarlet Woman") was dressed in scarlet and acted as confederate of high priestess and goddess.

Special associations were held to the end of every Friday night, and lasted for two hours. The "Wicker Theatre" (as Crowley was called), made passes with a sword and then went to each person in turn and "breathed" them in. A ritual was read by the advanced members of the cult.

These ceremonies continued until a trail of disaster started for Crowley. David Frederick Charles Lowndes had visited with the members of a five and on the altar during one of the Friday night rituals. He drank a cup of the woman's blood and shortly after wards died.

With the help of the British Press,

Mrs. Lowndes raised a public outcry. In the spring of 1913, the early closure of the Abbey of Thelema spread, and Crowley was expelled from London, territory by the French. He was also barred from France.

In her book, "Tiger Woman," published in 1924, Miss Lowndes dramatically described the events which led up to her husband's untimely demise. "The air was thick with incense. I saw my husband, left the table (Gardian Irish). I closed my eyes till it was over. The high priestess held a bowl underneath to catch the blood. The mystic handed it to my husband who drained it to the dregs."

Crowley's death was later ascribed to natural causes, but the authorities were convinced that Crowley's occult practices were sufficiently shocking to warrant action.

Crowley made no attempt to silence his detractors until the book, "Laughing Worm," was published in 1924. Mrs. Lowndes gave evidence in the defense in the libel action by brought against author, Miss Hammers, and the publishers.

The paragraph in the book, which prompted the action, read: "Crowley had a temple in Chelton, Essex. He was supposed to practice black magic there, and one day a body was said to have mysteriously disappeared. There was also a goat there. This all pointed to black magic, so people said, and the village was frightened of him."

During the hearing Crowley claimed he was the "prudent helter skelter," and quoted from the book where he described himself as the "prudent helter skelter." Justice Swinfen dismissed him from the bench and dismissed the case.

Questions were made from Crow-

Park visitors have not yet found a use for the grant of a pig; but a U.S. anti-pork team is using the first-comes-of-use to have follow-up visits to Squidation. Inventory John and James Anderson treated the task of 11 men until the location squealed with fright; then the female were recorded. The record (with volume) however was played in a re-injected version. Next day, even more couldn't find a rat in the presence. The adventure ended.

My's own book "Mystic" during the hearing. He had written: "Bloody sacrifice is the most efficacious in creating magic, and human sacrifice is best."

A further modest claim Crowley made during the case—that he had succeeded in "rendering himself invulnerable"—left the judge cold. At any rate Crowley remained virile when told he had to pay the costs of the hearing.

Crowley had a flying start in life as a master of magic.

His career in magic started when he was initiated into the "Hermetic Order of the G.D." in London on November 8, 1890. His alleged "occult powers" soon won him a prominent place in the secret brotherhood and resulted in him publishing new and books on magic.

Between these mysterious episodes, he found time to win fame as a mountaineer. Accompanied by the famous mountaineer, Edouard, he climbed the Alps and several Italian volcanoes. In 1893, the pair went to

Mexico, and distinguished themselves by climbing several Mexican volcanoes.

While in Mexico, Crowley founded a secret cult known as the "League of Invisible Light."

On his return to England, Crowley purchased the Manor of Rothesay on the banks of Loch Ness, in Scotland, to enable him to continue his study of magic and various religions of the world. While there, he married and went to the East to pursue his investigations.

For some time, he claimed, he lived as a Yogi in India and eventually penetrated the mysterious land of Tibet, where he was initiated into still deeper magical rites. Between his magical studies he found time to lead an expedition to climb Kanchenjunga, a hundred miles south-east of Everest.

Still pursuing his weird studies, Crowley next went to Egypt where he was initiated into several secret cults. On his return to England, he settled in London.

He published a magazine, complete with arcane wisdom, and had a prolific output of books dealing with magic (black and white). Practically all of his 110 publications were printed privately.

The quack in his make-up which led him along the path of mystery and occultism found expression in his publication for using pseudonyms on the literary field. Over a hundred Crowley aliases were identified. Some typical examples were: Cassin, was Roussel, Pederbute, Ray, C. Verry and Count Valdemar Saint.

He alternated his periods of literary activity with visits to Paris where he joined a select Bohemian circle and gained a certain amount of fame as a painter of nudes.

Crowley's American adventure in

real was marked by mystery, adventures and misadventure. He set himself up as a quack in Seventh Avenue, New York, and soon had a long following of month-minded New Yorkers. Chief attraction of his temple was a beautiful high priestess, whose only adornment was a ring branded on her left breast by "Master Thierion" the Crowley's devotees called her.

Highlights of his visit, however, was a period of forty days spent at Niagara, not on high cliffs overlooking the Hudson River. Armed with three point brushes, a hairy and of nose and fifty gallons of red paint, he painted two enormous legends on the rock surface.

The legends read:
EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR.

DO WHAT THOU WILT
SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.

The local farmers regarded him as a harmless crank, and fire-minded motorists became confused with his type of "star" temple.

He lived with a friend for a week, each taking a vow of silence, the two communicating by means of eyes and one unexchangeable, "wow." The experiment was later written as a story, and was published by H. L. Burroughs.

On his return to London, and following the failure of his famous Tibet quest, Crowley next donned the garb of a mountaineer. He proclaimed the Second World War and announced that if the courts and the British police had been more sympathetic to him, the catastrophe might have been averted.

On December 13, 1925, he held a ceremony at Chaperin's Needle in London, which was attended by representatives of the white, yellow,

red, brown, and black races. He proclaimed his "Law of Thelema," and handed a copy to each of the race representative present.

He stated that he had published in three times and that, each time, "war broke out nine months later through the night of his magic." He aimed badly in his timing, but continued to operate his temple in Chancery Lane.

When his strange and spectacular career ended on December 1, 1947, at the age of 41, followed by the death of his physician next day, sensational rumors were circulated that the "Master Thierion" had been responsible, by placing a curse on the doctor, for stopping Crowley's allowance of morphine tablets.

Scotland Yard investigated but found that both men had died from natural causes. Yet even the official report failed to dispel the age-old theory that a curse is placed on those who associate with demonologists and black magicians.

In the years before his death, Crowley with a flair for effect, had contrived to create a near-mythological air in his appearance. He adopted a peculiar manner and had his head shaved with a switch on his chin. His eyes were staring and agitated he wore a large ring on his right hand, shaped into two twisted snakes, which he claimed had magical properties.

Magical rites were performed at his funeral by a group of his adherents and invocations made from his occult formulas.

Even after his death, his followers believed in the potency of his magic. Representatives of the press were warned to be careful in their reports of the ceremony. One newspaper said: "You had better be careful what you write—Crowley might strike at you."



• **Wandering in Wolves** It's not so much whether a wandering wench knows all the answers to all the questions, it's how she *knows* them • To which we can only add that *fast* heart never was fair lady—nor *stomped* one, either • Thus, no *double*, explaining why she wouldn't give him her number, she had his • **Scouten for City Slickers** You may be a fix, upstanding citizen, but it makes no difference to a *homous* skin • **Hicks-ops** in that period in a man's life when he'd rather not have a *road* done than have to get over it • **Notes from Night-Clubberies** Stuffed down *blondes* who order everything on the menu • So heading in to remark that the best western in most restaurants are the customers • **Holy-Deadlock Department** An extravagance in anything you buy which is of no *sturdy* use to your wife • **Morocco**, marriage is the only institution of attraction in which you select your own paler • And that, of course, is the reason why a man who says that he has the most wonderful wife in the world is not *sturdy* sitting his own opinion—his wife thinks so, too • So, brother, remember no man should tell his friends any more than he wants his wife to learn from theirs • **Admittedly** a natural lead to our Porten for Penetration, Especially the *bottom* idea who has been complaining that *proven* beds are too short—perhaps that's in for too long a stretch • **Overlaid** "There's an *ethnic* type all right, he can bring on the bar and then for *honey*" • Which reminds us of a certain very *amorous* *alcoholic* of our acquaintance; he gives so much wine spilled on his shirt that he never bothers to get it dry—*clashed*—he *emphases* *penetrates* to trample on it • **Five Advertisement** Why not wear *leopard*; they grow on you • We know of a *centerfold* wife who claims she's never the least worried that her husband is cheating other women; he's too *fine*, too *desert* . . . and too old • And just a reminder: Experience is a *stomach* teacher, there are no graduates, no degrees . . . and a few survivors.

OUR SHORT STORY: Then there was the radio announcer's tiny set who was invited to say grace at dinner. "This food, folks," she announced in her clear, bell-like treble, "is coming to you through the courtesy of Almighty God."

North of
the
New Yorker Cafe

DEATH -DOWN DEEP

BY PAUL BELBIN
AND STEVEY OLSEN

IN THE WOODEN COUNTRY
HOUSE AT NIGHT, JOHN
WAS SITTING ON THE
BED, THINKING OF A
GIRL HE HAD MET AT A
PARTY. HE WAS
ALONE IN THE HOUSE.



HE WAS THINKING OF A
GIRL HE HAD MET AT A
PARTY. HE WAS
ALONE IN THE HOUSE.



AND DECIDES TO CO-OPERATE



DECIDES TO HESIT. TRUCK TOOD
PATRICK THINGS OVER HIS
PROPOSITION AND A PHOTO
GRAPHING THE VARIOUS
THAT PROVED OF HIS
WANTS KATH TO WRITE A
STORY TO COVER THEM



ON LOCATION KATH AND
TRUCK MEET IN THE
SHADOW OF THE BIG
ROCKET HEADS



OVER A QUICK MEAL THE Y
DISCUSS THE MISSING
PEOPLE



LISTENING TO TRUCK TALK
KATH BEGINS THINKING THAT
SHE IS VERY ATTRACTED
TO THIS FORTHRIGHT MAN



TRUCK TOOD EXPLAINS
THAT HIS JOB WILL BE TO
WRITE A STORY THE
PHOTOGRAPHERS HE TAKES
ARE TO SHOW ON THE JOB



TRUCK WRITES WHAT
HE CAN TO HAVE THE
PHOTOGRAPHERS STAND
BY HIM



KATH TELLS TRUCK, AS
TRUCK HAS KNOWN THE NAME
THAT SHE WOULD USE
FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH
SHE THINKS SHE WOULD
BE WORTH ABOUT TRUCK
ISN'T VERY AGREEABLE



WHAT'S HOW YOU FEEL
WHY SEE HOW WE CAN
BE AS A TEAM



SUCH CONCERNED WITH
THEIR PERSONAL WELFARE
THEY GO INTO THE EAST -
HERE OF THE NEWS



IN PROCEEDS TO
GIVE HER INFORMATION



IGNORING KATH WHO'S
INTERESTED TOOD BEGINS
HIS WORK





FINDING A WOUNDED MAN
BARRY RECOVERED, KATH
DROVE INTO BLACK. 112



USING HER CLOTHING TO
BANDAGE THE WOUNDED,
KATH HATE MANAGED TO
STOP BLEEDING. 113



WHILE KATH IS HELPING
THE WOUNDED FISHING
OUTSIDE AND IS COMING
QUICKLY. 114



CRASHED THROUGH THE
CAMPER'S KATH HUNG
HUNG AND GRAPLED
SCREAMING. 115



SHE DISCOVERED A
LUNG MOOSE WIDE



HE WENT THROUGH
THE FIRST CRASHING TO
HIT THE WATER.
WITH HIS EYES, PULLING THE
GUN OUT OF THE CAMPER
WAS IN WHICH THEY
WERE TRAPPED. 116



THE CRASHES ENDED WITH
OUT FATALITY, THOUGH
KATH IS THE LOSER.



CLASH-BOUNDED, TOOK
SHOCK HIMSELF ACCUSED
OF CAUSING THE CRASH.



"YOU CAUSED THAT CRASH,
FISHING, HISTER, STAY
THAT NIGHT!"

THAT'S BRILLIANT!
TWO MONTHS OFFER
AND WATER



IT HAD TO BE A MARCH
IT WAS A DEFINITE
BUT ABOUT THE MARCH
WHAT WOULD CAUSE IT



KATH HUNG TO A MARCH
EXECUTED AND THE
BUT ABOUT THE MARCH
WAS SHE TAPPED ON





I TO OUGHT TO BE SLEEPING OF COURSE AND LAD, BUT WHAT HADN'T YOU THOUGHT OF THAT?



HE HAD CLEARLY HADN'T THOUGHT OF A SMALL MINDER



WELL, HADN'T YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IN THE OFFICE, IN VESTIGATIONS ARE MADE

YOU'RE MAKING A FOOL OF BOTH OF US



I'VE NOTHING TO SAY YET BUT I'LL LEAVE YOU ALIGHT NOW

I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO THE HOTEL



IT WAS EASY TO SEE ALL ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT GAVE IT AWAY WAS YOUR HORROR, THE MAN'S CLEAR MIND, HERE'S THE STORY...



TELLER CONSIDERED THAT THE BEST DEFENSE AND THE ONLY WAY WOULD BE TO SAY "THE WOMAN AND I WERE AT THE HOTEL THE STORY TO ANY MAN, SHE HADN'T"

One symbol for all

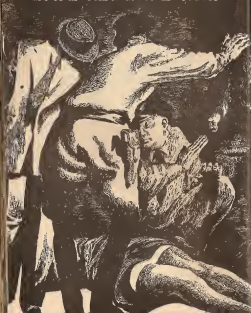


ALWAYS...IN ALL WEathers

Shell serves the motorist

The Shell Group Ltd. 1953

dead-end for Delia



THE ALLEY NEAR THE WAREHOUSE WAS LITTERED WITH THE
SMASHED BOTTLES, ROTTING GARBAGE AND A CHILDS CORPSE

THE only light in the alley came from the half-open windows of the faded dance hall bordering its east length. From these came shadows the clear melody of a brass band cut through the murky air of the alley. There was nothing else around that was clean.

The warehouse running the west border of the alley was of puny red brick, the alley itself littered with paper and trash, cans and bottles. It was a dead-end alley, no longer used.

The best officer was at its mouth, keeping the small crowd back, and now the police ambulance came from the west, its siren dying in a slow wail.

The best officer said, "Better riding out and back to Sergeant Kelly with you?"

"No. Why?" The driver was frowning and nibbling nervously at his lower lip.

"It's his wife," the best officer said.

He stepped forward and the patrol man hugged hard at his coat-sleeve.

"She really got worked over."

"Dead?"

"Just died, two minutes ago. How she lived that long is a wonder."

The driver shook his head, and swung out to back into the mouth of the alley.

From the west again, a red light swung back and forth, and the screen of a high speed siren pierced the night. The proud car was making time. It cut over to the wrong side of the street and skidded for 15 feet before stopping at the back.

The cross opposite the driver had the door open before the car came to rest, and he was approaching the best patrolman while the driver killed the motor.

"Harriet? Eva Kelly. My wife—?"

"Dead, Sergeant. Two minutes ago."

Sergeant Kelly was a tall man with a thin, lined face and dark brown eyes. He stood there a moment, saying nothing, thinking of Delia, only half hearing the trumpet that was now taking a ride at Disneyland, the Home of Name Bands.

Delia, who was only 21 to his 37,

Duke, who loved to dance, Duke of the fair hair and sharp teeth—was now dead. And that was his dirge. But trumpet taking a solo.

He shook his head and felt the trembling start in his hands. He took a step toward the other end of the alley, and the policeman put a hand on his arm.

"Sergeant, I wouldn't. It's nothing to me. Unless you're a Homestead man, it's nothing you're—Sergeant, don't."

Sergeant Kelley shook off the hand and continued down the alley.

Dick Callender of Homestead was talking to the M.E. He turned at the sound of Kelley's footsteps.

Dick said, "It's nothing to see, Pat."

Pat Kelley didn't answer him. There was enough light from the dance hall for him to see the bloody face of his wife and the red hair above it. He hadn't seen her for four months.

Then he looked at Callender. "See anything, Dick?"

"Just—tell Pat I'm sorry. Tell Pat Luke will know. Luke came to you, the second sentence, I mean."

"Morse," Pat said. The hand was playing a waltz, now.

Callender said, "We'll give it a lot of time. Homestead will shoot the works on the case."

Pat looked at him and used his thin, new, "I want a transfer, Lieutenant. To Homestead." His voice was very quiet. "You can be it."

A pair of dirty newspaper flattened legs, stirred by the night breeze. The white-clothed men were laying the stretcher alongside the body.

Callender said, "We've got a lot of good men in Homestead, Pat." He didn't say, And we want our suspects brought in alive.

But Pat could guess he was thinking it. He said, "She left me, four months ago. I'm not going to go away on it, but I'd like the transfer."

"We'll see, Pat." The lieutenant put a hand on his shoulder. "Come on. I'll ride back to headquarters with you."

They went to the lieutenant's wagon. About halfway there, Pat said, "It could have been one of those—push-out deals, some rag out of nowhere who'll go back to where he came from." Storms brained as he, but he had to get the words out.

Callender didn't look at him. "You got Adams and Frolovsky checking the dance hall. They're hard workers, good men."

Pat said nothing.

Callender went on, quietly, "There must be some angle you've got on it. Your wife must have thought you knew this—this Lee, or she wouldn't have mentioned it. She didn't have enough work left to waste any of them on some trivial matter."

"My wife knew a lot of people I didn't," Pat said. "My statement will include everything I know, Lieutenant. Have her sent to the House Moriarty on Seventh Street, will you? I'll talk to her mother tonight."

"She was living with her mother, Pat?"

"No. I don't know where she's been living these past few months. But it wasn't with her mother. I wish to God it had been, now."

They made the rest of the trip in silence.

It was a little before midnight when Sergeant Pat Kelley, of the pawn shop and hotel street, climbed the worn stairs of the four-story building on Vine. The place was quiet, there were working people and they got to bed early.

Miss Revolt lived on the third floor, in two rooms overlooking the flower backyard and the parking lot beyond. Pat knocked and waited.

Wheel Changes increase tyre mileage!



Tyre tread wear varies according to type of vehicle and operating conditions. On most roads and loads for trucks, the wear would be on tyres carrying the load, in the rear tyres. On cars with modern suspension and braking systems the wear is on front tyres. Also there is a difference in wear between inside and outside tyres. That is why wheels should be changed around every 2,000 to 3,000 miles, so that wear can be evenly spread over each tyre—making the spare wheel. This will cut down unequal tread wear—insure overall tyre mileage.



"Follow this chart, do not remove tyre from wheel, change at regular intervals of 2-3 thousand miles"

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There was the sound of a *WHIRL* key, and then Mrs. Rowell opened the door. Her head, every face was concerned, but her eyes quickened in sudden alarm at the sight of Pat.

"Pat, what is it?"

"I'd better come in," he said. "It's Della, Mrs. Rowell. Someone's been gone."

She pulled her wrapper tightly around her, as though to stuff her body against his words. "Come in, come in. But what? Pat, she's not—it's not—"

He came into the dimly lighted room with the rumpled velvet couch, the gaiting table with the brass lamp, the worn wicker chair, the faded, dull brown rug. In this room, Della Rowell had grown from an infant to the beauty of the decade. In this room, Papa Rowell had died, and Pat had courted the Rowell woman.

"Get down, Mrs. Rowell," Pat said now.

She sat down on the wicker rocker. "She's dead, I know. She's dead. My Della, oh Lord, she's dead." She rocked, then, back and forth, her eyes closed, her lips moving, an indescribable words coming out.

Pat sat on the wicker lounge. "She was found in—she was found near the Broadway dance hall. She's dead. There'll be detectives coming to see you; other detectives, Mrs. Rowell."

Her eyes opened, and she stopped rocking. "Murdered—Della?" It wasn't an accident? Murdered—Della?"

He nodded. Her eyes closed again, and a strangled sound came from her tight throat, as she toppled sideways in the chair.

Pat got to her knees; she hit the floor. He put her on the studio couch, and was washing with a glass of water when her eyes opened again.

Her voice was a whisper. "How did it happen?"

Turned British politician, Mr. Ballfour was being shown the Empire State building in New York. He was told on height; how many windows it had, how many tons of steel and concrete in what an amazingly short time it had been built. " . . . And, to top everything else off, it's absolutely, inflexibly indestructible by fire," ended his guide in a breathless gasp of strength. "Try?" murmured Mr. Ballfour sadly. "Yes, a real pity."

"She was hit with something heavy, someone. Nobody knows anything else. But there's something I wanted you to know."

Fear in her eyes, now. She said nothing.

"Before she died, Della mentioned a name. It was Louis. I told the officer in charge the name meant nothing to me. I told him I didn't know any Louis."

The lightened eyes moved around Pat's face. "Why did you say that?"

"Because they're going after that one. She's a girl's wife and they won't be pulling any punches. This man is cheap, California, can be awful rough. I'd rather talk to Louis, myself."

"But why should they bother Louis?"

"Della mentioned the name, before she died. They're not going to overlook anything and they're not going to let go."

"All right, Pat. I had a feeling, when you knocked, something had happened. I've had a feeling about Della, for years. You can go now."

Records left in the Arctic in 1889 by Admiral Robert Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, have been examined. The papers, stuffed in a whiskey bottle, were found on St. Lawrence Island, about 450 miles from the Pole. Also in the cache were copies of notes of Sir George Murray, captain of the British ship, "Alert," in the Arctic in 1875-1876. Peary had found the cache in which the "Alert" notes were originally packed and had taken the originals with him.

"I'll be all right. I'll want to be alone."

She was under control, now, this woman who'd met many a tragedy, who'd just met her biggest one. The forbidding horns of the coastline glared together was carrying her through the sea.

Pat went from there to Sycamore. He was off duty, and driving his own car. On Sycamore, near Seneca, he parked in front of an old, red brick apartment building.

In the small lobby, he pressed the button next to the card which read: Miss Lois Weldon.

Her voice sounded metallic through the wall speaker. "Who's there?"

"It's Pat, Lois. Something has happened."

He was at the door when it opened. She was waiting in her lighted doorway when he got off the self-service elevator on the fourth floor. She was wearing a narrow, flared robe piped in white, and no make-up. Her dark, soft hair was piled high on her head.

His voice was quiet. "What's happened?"

"Della's been murdered!" She stretched and put one hand on the door frame for support. "Pat, when—how—?"

"Tonight. In the alley next to the Deschamps bathroom. Stopped to drink. She didn't die right away. She mumbled over some before she died."

"My name? Came in, Pat? Her name was Della."

There wasn't much that could be done about the apartment's arrangement, but color and taste had done their best work in appearance. Pat sat on a low seat, near the paradiplom.

Lois stood. "Now, what did she say?"

Pat frowned. "She said, 'Tell Pat I'm sorry. Tell Pat Lois will know.' She told that to Lieutenant Callender of homicide, before she died. He asked me who Lois was, and I told him I didn't know."

"Why?"

"I was trying to protect you. It might have been Della. But they're going to be caught in the end."

She sat down in a chair close by, slumping at him. "I saw Della two days ago, Thursday afternoon. She told me then that she was sorry she'd left you. Could it have been that, Pat?"

"It could have been. Yes, that's probably what she meant. What else did she tell you?"

"Nothing. She was very vague. She'd been drinking, Pat."

"Delicious? That's a new one for her. Was she working?"

"I didn't get that impression. She didn't tell me where she was living, either. Do you know?"

Pat shook his head, staring at the floor. The three of them had grown

up in the same block on Vine, thought they weren't of an age. Della had been twenty-three, and Lois was —let's see, she was thirty and two fairly well paid money to a vice president of a fast publishing firm. When Pat was twenty-two and freshly an orphan, he'd been Lois' hero, who'd been fifteen. As thirty-three, in another kind of orphanage, an Army, he'd been Della's hero, and she'd been fourteen.

At the moment, he was an old man, and nobody's hero.

Lois said, "I guess you need a drink." She rose. "Don't try to think tonight, Pat. It won't be any good."

"I was without her for four months," he said, nearly to himself. "I got through that. I don't know about this. I don't seem to have any feelings at all. It's like I've died."

His back was to him. "I know. That's the way I felt four years ago." She poured a stiff jolt of whiskey in the bottom of a tumbler.

"Four years ago?" He was only half listening.

"When you married her." She had no expression on her face as she walked over to him. Her hand was steady, holding out the drink.

He looked up to meet her gaze. "Lois, what are you—?"

"I just wanted you to know," she said, "and now I'm glad you didn't tell that officer you knew me. That's a promise I was born on to. It will warm me, this winter."

"Lois—" he protested.

"Drink your drink," she said quickly. "Bottoms up."

He stared at her and at the glass. He lifted it high and drained it. He could feel its warmth, and then he started to tremble.

"You're one of those black Irish

men," Lois said softly, "who can go all the hell over something like that. And wind up in the gutter. Or someone pointed a little better and decided she was a girl headed for doom from the day of her birth and all you really loved was her mother."

"Keep talking, Lois. You're all worked up. I'd kill anybody else who talked like that, but I know you loved her, too."

"Who didn't love her?" She was the most beautiful thing alive. But she was a kid, and she'd never be anything else. Even now you can see that, can't you?"

Pat stared at his empty glass, and rose.

"Thanks for the drink," he said, and walked to the door. There he paused, turned her. "It was probably a silly promise, warning you. There'll be a million people who can tell them who Lois is. I'm sorry I got you up."

"Pat," she said, but he was through the door.

He caught a glimpse of her as he stepped into the elevator. She was like a statue, both hands on the door frame, watching him wordlessly . . .

The Chief called him in, next morning. He was a big man and a blunt one. He said, "Callender tells me you want a transfer to homicide for the love hang."

Pat nodded. "Yes, sir."

"How is it you didn't tell Callender about this Lois Weldon last night? A half dozen people have told him about her name."

"I wasn't thinking last night, sir."

The Chief nodded. "You're too close to it, Sergeant. For anybody else, that would be withholding evidence. I'm overlooking it. But I'm dropping your request for a temporary transfer to homicide."

Scene: A cold West Saloon.
Enter: Very Bad Badkiss,
shaking from the hip. Armed
desk, Badkiss yells: "Gee!
Gee! All praise dirty
skunk out here!" Cood-
ing customers seem badly
through windows into Far
Blue Tundra . . . except one
happy inmate at the bar.
"Well, waterfront it?" says
Badkiss, brandishing smoking
gun at him. "Not bad," con-
fesses inmate blithely. "But
there was a hell of a lot of
them, wasn't there?"

Fat stared at him, saying nothing.
The Chief stared back at him.
"You'll want a few days' leave."
"Maybe more." He snorted the
"an."

The Chief frowned and looked at
his desk top. His eyes came up
again. "I don't like an inmate at
you at a time like this. But why
more? Were you planning to work
on this outside of the department?"

Fat nodded.
"If I gave you a direct order not
to, that would be unauthorized,
Sergeant."

Fat said nothing.
The Chief said, "There are my
orders."

Fat took out his wallet and un-
zipped the ledger. He laid it on the
Chief's desk. "This isn't any, an,
except fifteen years." He stood up,
momentarily realizing what a dismal
lot speech that had been.

"You're being dramatic," the Chief
said evenly. "The thing that makes
a good officer is impertinence. Last

night you tried to cover a friend.
In your present mood, you might go
running on a half-baked lead and
do a lot of damage. This department
can't run that way. But it's your de-
cision, Sergeant." He picked up the
ledger.

Fat started for the door, and the
Chief's voice stopped him. "It would
be smart to stay out of Lieutenant
Calloway's way."

Fat went out without answering.
He stood there, a big man full of
headquarters, feeling like a stranger
for the first time in fifteen years. It
was then he remembered Louis say-
ing, "You're one of those black in-
mates who can go all to hell . . ."

He wasn't that sophisticated, who-
ever she knew it or not. His wife
had been killed and it was a per-
sonal business with him. His job for
fifteen years had been to protect the
city from violence and threat and
chaos, and this time it was
clear to leave. Only a fool would
expect him to continue checking pawn
shops, he hadn't thought the Chief
was a fool. But then, it wasn't the
Chief's wife.

Defeating Prokhorov's came along
the hall and stopped at the sight of
Fat.

Fat asked, "What did you find out
at Dremond last night, Steve?"
Prokhorov looked his lower lip,
frowning.

"Orders, Steve?" Fat asked quietly.
"From the lieutenant?"
Prokhorov didn't answer that. "Did
your transfer go through?"

"No. I've left the force. Don't you
want to talk about Dremond? I
won't remind you how long we've
known each other."

"Keep your voice down," Pro-
khorov said. "I'll see you at Joe's at
one-thirty."

"Sure. Thanks, Steve."

MEDICAL DISCOVERY STARTS TREATING ARTHRITIS IN 15 SECONDS!

REVOLUTIONARY NEW TREATMENT ACTS DIRECT ON PAINFUL SWELLINGS

The Story of Corabin

Corabin is formulated by a special process, previously unknown to medical science, which administers *percutaneously* (through the skin tissues) the amazing overtones treatment with which doctors and hospitals have been bringing dramatic relief to Arthritis, Rheumatism—and similar conditions. Initial absorption of Corabin's pain-relieving and remedial agents directly over the affected areas is attained within 15 seconds! Sufferers are reporting relief and noticeable improve-ment within a few days.

COULDN'T GET SHOES ON!

"For years my foot joints were so swollen from Arthritis I was unable to get my shoes on. After first few days of Corabin the pain went . . . I have gained complete freedom from the swelling . . . you now do shopping in comfort. I am over 70. I have never had relief from other treatments this is wonderful!" [Mrs. E. L.—Ashfield.]

How To Use Corabin

Spread directly over affected parts until the ointment has gone into the skin. Do not wash for 1 hour after to allow absorption through peripheral tissues.

Use Corabin daily as often as desired; pain should go, and only a few days' treatment has brought a clearing of congestion and reducing of swelling in even cases of years' standing!

Why continue needless suffering? CORABIN is available now at your local Chemist. Price, 25/- a jar.

Famous Pickpocket Men, long considered one of mankind's oldest professions, is an anthropological interest, no more than 10,000 years old, claims Dr. K. P. Oakley, of the British Museum. Dr. Oakley explodes the idea that modern man has descended from this ancestor, also known as "Koskithropos the Deceit Men." Chemical tests prove that the bones are by no means and the 100,000 years previously claimed for them, he says.

Irvie wasn't a copy! Henschel, Paskowicz was a Middle Westerner, originally, and a perfectionist regarding the proper temperature of draught beer. Irvie had it at the proper temperature.

It was a hot day, in fall, and the beer was cool enough to sweat the glass without being cold enough to chill the stomach. But drink a couple of glasses, waiting for Steve.

Steve came in at a quarter to two and Irvie had a glass waiting for him by the time he reached the bar.

He was a big man, Steve Paskowicz, and sweating like a college crew man right now. "Noisy," he said wearily. "Lots of rays dashed with bar. Nothing there. Some checks and CPA's and punk kids. There was a guy they called Holey. That name means anything to you, Pat?"

Pat had with a stroke of the head. "That Holey something special?"

"Deared with bar a lot. Took her home. Brought her a couple of them. The way it is, I guess, if you

really like to dance there's only one place to do it where you're not the room and the right music. That's a place like Broadway."

"I meant you can't date a guy because he goes to a public dance hall, any more than you can date some people because you see them in Grand Central Station. All kinds of people like to dance. That Holey drove a smooth sea, a conversation. That's nightclub stuff, right? Has he liked to dance, and the story is, he really could?"

Steve flashed his beer and he brought another. Steve said casually, "Now, what do you know, Pat?" "I'm out of a job. I don't know anything beyond that. The Chief acted on Calender's recommendation, I suppose."

"I don't know. The lieutenant doesn't always confide in me. What can you do about, Pat?"

"It wasn't my idea to work alone." Pat slumped off his stool and put a dollar on the bar. "Out of that, live all of them." He put a hand on Steve's shoulder. "Thanks for coming in."

"You're welcome. Thanks for the beer. I still work for the department, remember, Pat?"

"I didn't forget it for a minute." He could feel Steve's eyes on him as the money on he walked out.

Once at breakfast, Delta had been reading the paper and she'd read, "Well, imagine that?"

"FD try," he'd said. "Imagine what?"

"This boy I used to dance with at Broadway, the Joe Halperin. He's a composer, it says here. He likes to dance, and always has, and he knows very little about music, but he's composed. And he must be rich. Holey, we always called him."

"You should have married him,"



The Umbrella

First the shade of Priests and Kings.

Now the common protector of the millions.

It is historically incorrect, but nevertheless a wise thought, to describe the propagation of the umbrella to Europe as the 16th century Frenchman's way of saying it is correct to do so because the French said a picture of a boldness to the Frenchman and the Frenchman in the course of our modern umbrella, it being designed to prove it, it is a small historical picture from the sun. Another fact is that the function of the umbrella was being applied from the Latin "umbra" meaning "shade" but it first received the other name which is merely a corruption of "umbra", the name by which English was then known to be known.

The umbrella is of great antiquity, according to the sculptures of Egypt, Assyria and Persia, and in the first umbrella was an Egyptian one with similar in concept design and form. They were regularly used by women, and sometimes by men who did not mind being regarded as effeminate.

They probably continued to be used in Italy right through the ages but of the branding of the 17th century the umbrella was first of all known in England. During the next few decades however, it became popular as a symbol for the wealthy, and during the reign of Queen Anne it became popular as a screen from the sun. It had again only for women. Gay's "Fanny" (1749) speaks of

women "trudging through the wet" "conducted by the umbrella's oily shed" and soon it became usual to have common coffee houses and public buildings, the former for the use of patients, the latter to protect themselves from the elements.

The first Englishman with courage to essay an umbrella appears to have been John Hanning, a printer who doggedly continued the very ancient Egyptian, Assyrian and Persian design. Soon after came others recognizing the umbrella's unique protection, and the battle went on for several decades between those who were carrying on about the public health, and those who were taking advantage of the umbrella's unique protection.

The story of course the umbrella is part and parcel of every nation's weather, because nothing else has in the world defined to give such protection from heat and weather. All countries since then have had some form of umbrella, but only in the 19th century did the umbrella become a symbol of wealth and power. The umbrella was first of all known in England. During the next few decades however, it became popular as a symbol for the wealthy, and during the reign of Queen Anne it became popular as a screen from the sun. It had again only for women. Gay's "Fanny" (1749) speaks of

(Advert.)

A WARNING TO MEN IN MID LIFE

At about 30 years of age most men have a limited ability to satisfy women. At the same time, men do not always realize, fully suddenly, the importance of sex and emotional satisfaction. They are unable to think, and less interested in life. They suffer from a great loss of interest in life. In the 1930s, the 1940s, the 1950s, the 1960s, the 1970s, the 1980s, the 1990s, the 2000s, the 2010s, the 2020s, the 2030s, the 2040s, the 2050s, the 2060s, the 2070s, the 2080s, the 2090s, the 2100s, the 2110s, the 2120s, the 2130s, the 2140s, the 2150s, the 2160s, the 2170s, the 2180s, the 2190s, the 2200s, the 2210s, the 2220s, the 2230s, the 2240s, the 2250s, the 2260s, the 2270s, the 2280s, the 2290s, the 2300s, the 2310s, the 2320s, the 2330s, the 2340s, the 2350s, the 2360s, the 2370s, the 2380s, the 2390s, the 2400s, the 2410s, the 2420s, the 2430s, the 2440s, the 2450s, the 2460s, the 2470s, the 2480s, the 2490s, the 2500s, the 2510s, the 2520s, the 2530s, the 2540s, the 2550s, the 2560s, the 2570s, the 2580s, the 2590s, the 2600s, the 2610s, the 2620s, the 2630s, the 2640s, the 2650s, the 2660s, the 2670s, the 2680s, the 2690s, the 2700s, the 2710s, the 2720s, the 2730s, the 2740s, the 2750s, the 2760s, the 2770s, the 2780s, the 2790s, the 2800s, the 2810s, the 2820s, the 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Do you suffer from any of these symptoms? If you show signs of having it, it is a sure indication that your natural production of early hormones is dropping because it is, in fact, low. Here are five signs of the serious condition of the early

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Looked twice for details of Missions in
a general sense for women.

She told him, "so you could have your breakfast in bed."

"There's always time," she told him. "But right now I'm happy with you."

After that, Pat had been conscious of the noise. He saw it on their track, and it disturbed him. He heard Delia talk to friends about the companion she knew, Eliza, as though that was her world.

He swung his coupe away from the curb and headed toward the Dome. He knew the building Dome had pointed it out to him once.

It was about eleven thirty high with terrace apartments overlooking the bay. Helgy had one of the terrace apartments.

There was a clerk in the guest lobby, too, and his glance said Pat should have used the service entrance.

Pat said, "Would you phone Mr. Helman and tell him Della Kellie's husband would like very much to talk to him?"

The clerk studied him for a moment before picking up the phone. He looked surprised when he said, "Mr. Helgerson will see you, sir."

The elevator went up quickly and quietly, and Ed stepped out onto the last, sculptured carpeting of the top floor. There was a man waiting for him there, a thin man with blood hair as a crow cut, and short blue eyes.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1038.

Figure 6

"You been reading the paper, Ma? I really don't know what to say, Sergeant."

"I don't either," Poi said, "except to ask you what you might know about it."

They were walking along the hall, now. They came to the entry hall of the apartment, and Helgeson closed

the dear beloved ones, there is
 shared the happiness.

"I've seen her a few times, Sergeant, since she—she left you. There was nothing, well, nothing wrong about it."

"That part doesn't matter," Per said. "I'm not looking for the man who started with her. I'm looking for the man who killed her."

They went into a late, long dining room with a beamed ceiling, with floor-length windows facing on the terrace. Halpaine sat in a chair near the large, blanketed mahogany stove.

"I can't help you with that," she said. "I danced with her, at Dromedary. I don't know what attraction the place had for me, except it was the only music I knew as a kid. I never probed myself for any reason. She was a wonderful dancer. I didn't think of her beyond that. That sounds phony, I know. But—" His voice died.

"You surprised the Harwood section hasn't sent a man to get you, or have they? You said you'd been reading about it."

Q *What should they?*

"You're pretty well known, and they have your picture."

"I'm not known down there, not generally. Not as the composer. I'm just another punk, just Helge, down there. A rather young punk." He stared at Pri. "But if you know, they know."

But shock has faded. "I've left the force. I asked to be assigned to the case and was refused."

"Oh," Helgeson rubbed his forehead heavily. "She told me, when she phoned to book a date yesterday, that she was going back to you. I thought."

"Yesterday?" Pat interrupted. "She told you that, yesterday?"

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quietly with disheveled eyes.

Pat could see the pain in her eyes and he had a passing moment of pity. "Where was she from?"

"The Empire Court, over on Madison."

"Working, was she?"

"I don't think so. She never mentioned it, if she was. She was kind of distant about all that."

Pat looked at Helgaena lovely. "Was she—living alone?"

Helgaena took a deep breath. "I don't know. I never went in, once there. She was always busy when I called for her." He turned pale and his voice was hoarse.

Pat felt something moving through him, but he couldn't hear there all. Everybody had loved Della.

He said quietly, "There's nothing you know?" She must have mentioned some names, or what she was doing. What the hell did you talk about?"

"We didn't talk much. We danced, that's all. Sergeant, believe me, if I could help I would." His voice was ragged. "If you know how much I wanted to help." He shook his head. "There isn't anything I know, not a damned thing."

"All right I can believe that. If there's anything you hear, or happen to remember, anything at all, please me." He gave him the number.

He went from there to the Empire Court, on Madison. It was a fairly modern, U-shaped building of grey stone, set back on a deep lot. There was a department car among the cars at the back.

The name in the lobby read Della Arnold. Pat pressed the button and the door opened.

It was on the second floor and he walked up. There were some locked doors shutting for private, and there was Lieutenant Callender, his back to the doorway, standing in the

middle of the dining room.

He turned and saw Pat. His face showed nothing.

"Anything?" Pat asked him.

"Look, Pat, for the love of—"

"You look," Pat said. "She was my wife. You got a wife, Lieutenant?"

"I'm married to my second, now." He shook his big head and ran a hand through his hair. "The Chief and you're engaged."

"That's right."

"You've been a cop for 15 years. You're acting like a rookie."

"I've only been a husband for four years, Lieutenant. I'm not getting to your way."

"We'll probably get a million prints, all but the right ones. We found a dressing robe we're checking, and some papers. The lieutenant's eyes looked away. "I'll talk to the Chief, Pat. I'll see that you get your job back."

"I don't want a high-post. Thanks, anyway, Lieutenant." He kept seeing Della in the room and somebody else, some familiar, familiar somebody, and the goldenrod came again and he knew he wouldn't have the stomach to look in any of the other rooms.

He turned his back on the lieutenant and went down the steps to the lobby and out into the hot, bright day. They were right about it, of course. A cop shouldn't be as a lonely guy any more than a surgeon should. Another was to assist in the business.

He sat in the car for minutes, trying to get back to reality, trying to forget that some apartment and the lieutenant's words. The brightness of the day seemed to put a damp outline on things, to give them a sense of unreality, like a lighted stage setting.

He heard last night's trumpet again, and shook the motor.

The alley was bright, new, but no cleaner. The voices of the freight handlers on the street side of the warehouse were drowned by the racket of the huge trucks banging past. He walked to the alley's dead end and saw, for the first time, the door that led from the dinner hall, a few feet.

It was open, new, and he could see some men in there, sprinkling the floor with some powdered stuff. There was the sound of a large rotary brush polisher, but it was outside his line of vision.

He went in through the open door, along a wide hall that flanked the west edge of the lunchroom. The men looked at him curiously as he stood there, wondering what it must have been last night. He could almost hear the music and see the dim lights and the crowded floor.

Along this edge, the floor was raised and there were seats up here, for the speculative trader, looking over the field, discussing the old favorites and the new finds, wondering what happened in this tumultuous town and that one. Some had married and not retired.

One of the workers called over, "Looking for the boss, mister?" "Thank you."

"Won't be in this afternoon. The boss's boss full of cups and he went out to get some fresh air."

"Okay." Pat turned and went out.

It was nearly five, now. He turned the car in a U-turn and headed for Border. He parked in a lot near Border and South, and walked the two blocks to Curtis-Hunted, Park-where.

Lois was hardly typing when he opened the door to the outer office. She looked up at his entrance, and her face seemed to come alive, suddenly.

"Pat?" She got up and came over to the railing.

"I was pretty rough last night. I thought a drink and dinner might take me back to where we were. Part way, anyway."

"It will, it will. Oh, Pat, if you know what last night—" She put a hand on his on top of the railing.

The door to Pat's right opened, and a man stood there. He had a man-cute, wide face and string-gray hair. He said, "You can go any time, Lou. I guess Mr. Curtis won't be back."

"Thank you, Mr. Hunted," she said. "It's so good to be a minute."

He smiled, and closed the door.

"My love, the VP," she whispered. "Isn't he handsome?"

"I suppose." Pat could feel her hand trembling.

She said softly, "You're better, aren't you. You're coming out of it."

"The better," he said. "The whole man is one tilted alley."

"Della knew a lot of men-of-people. I'll be with you in a minute."

They went to the Leap Pool, an unpretentious restaurant nearby.

They had a martini each, and Lou told him, "Their space file are the best in town."

She seemed interested. She said, "It's going to be all right. It's going to take some time, and then you're going to be really happy, Pat. I'm going to see that you're happy."

He ordered another pair of drinks, and they finished those before the ribs came. They went from the Leap Pool to a spot on the west side, and Pat tried very hard to get drunk. But it didn't work, the alcohol didn't touch him.

They went back to Lois' place. He sat with her in the car in front of

her apartment and lit a cigarette.

"Leave me up," she said. "I'll make some coffee."

He shook his head. "I know Hunted was paying for that apartment. Della was living in. I've known it for two months, Lou. And you did, too, didn't you?"

Her silence was his answer.

"You probably thought Hunted killed her, and you've been told the police nothing. Della probably told you yesterday or the day before that he was coming back to me. But you didn't tell me that. Was it yesterday you saw her?"

"The day before. I didn't want her to come back, Pat. And I didn't tell you about my boss because he's got a family, because he's a fundamentally decent man."

"You didn't want her to come back, because of me?" Pat's voice was hoarse. "You poor damned fool, you don't know me, do you? No matter what she was, Lou, I'll be married to her the rest of my life. But you were the one who could have told me she was coming back. You could have saved her life."

"Pat."

Get out, Lou. Get out—quick! She scrambled out the door off.

Back at his apartment, he wrote a note and phoned it to headquarters. The note read:

Lieutenant Callahan:

I wanted to work with Bonville because I thought it would be safer that way. I could see how close you boys were getting. But it doesn't matter now, because I've no desire to escape you. I killed my wife with a wrenching bar which you'll find in the luggage desk of my car. I couldn't stand the thought of her loving anyone else and I wasn't sure enough to rid myself of her. The checking I've done to-day reveals to me I would probably have escaped detection. I make this confession of my own free will.

Sergeant Patrick Kelly.

He waited then, 28 in hand. He waited until he heard the wail of the siren.

Then he put the muzzle of his 38 to the soft roof of his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

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Talking Points

WAKE, SUBS . . .

A new strategy of warfare is being planned for the ocean depths and naval experts are already arguing whether the conventional battle fleet (even with aircraft carriers) may not be outmoded. Some naval men have even gone so far as to say that the success or failure of any future war may be decided by new submarines craft under the surface of the seas. Obviously, in an ocean-based nation such as Australia, the validity of these arguments is of primary importance. For the latest details disclosed on a highly high-tech subject, read Mark Hope's "Mine-made Menace in the Ocean Depths" . . . an sophisticated account of what new perils may be in store.

SAVAGE SUNLIGHT . . .

Africa, someone has said, is the Personal Mother of the Earth, the source of all life . . . but death as well as life is hidden in the mysteries of her fond heart. And never did death come in a more masculine and hideous guise than in the story which Lester Way tells of "The Black Prince of Silence." It is a grotesque incident of French colonial history . . . and one which, like other tales, would be hard to equal in the annals of any nation. Yet it is cold, stark fact . . . another grim reminder of man's bestiality to man. Lester Way

withdrew many of his facts from an old French Army surgeon who came abroad in the revolution when the battleships occurred.

ALL LOVE

What with one thing and another, homosexuals are noticeably interesting . . . but don't think that they all run in the same mould. Some people have queer ideas about what constitutes the ideal homosexuality and most of the queerness of them have been collected in Donald Robinson's "Homosexuals Can Be Curious." So read it . . . and then, when you're on your own, you happy, happy people, don't complain about the weather. There's more than killing and oppression being perpetrated on the members of Ropes.

MYSTIC MURDER

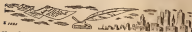
The apocryphal tales of black magic and devil-worship are by no means dead and have a habit of cropping up in some of the least suspected places in the modern world. For the story of one of the greatest (and most fearful) practitioners of the art who lived not so many years ago, read John Alden's account of "The Master Deceiver" . . . the strange Alexander Crowley . . . whose name sounds like the image of a horror-demon and yet who saved the world in the early part of this century.



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